Saturday Review

AUGUST 2, 1958 / 25¢

SR RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

Who can measure tomorrow? No one now knows. But one man will try. He is Dr. A. V. Astin, Chief, U. S. Bureau of Standards. (See SCIENCE)

THE STRANGE LEUKEMIA EPIDEMIC By Sir Macfarlane Burnet

PARNASSUS, U.S.A. By Bradford Smith

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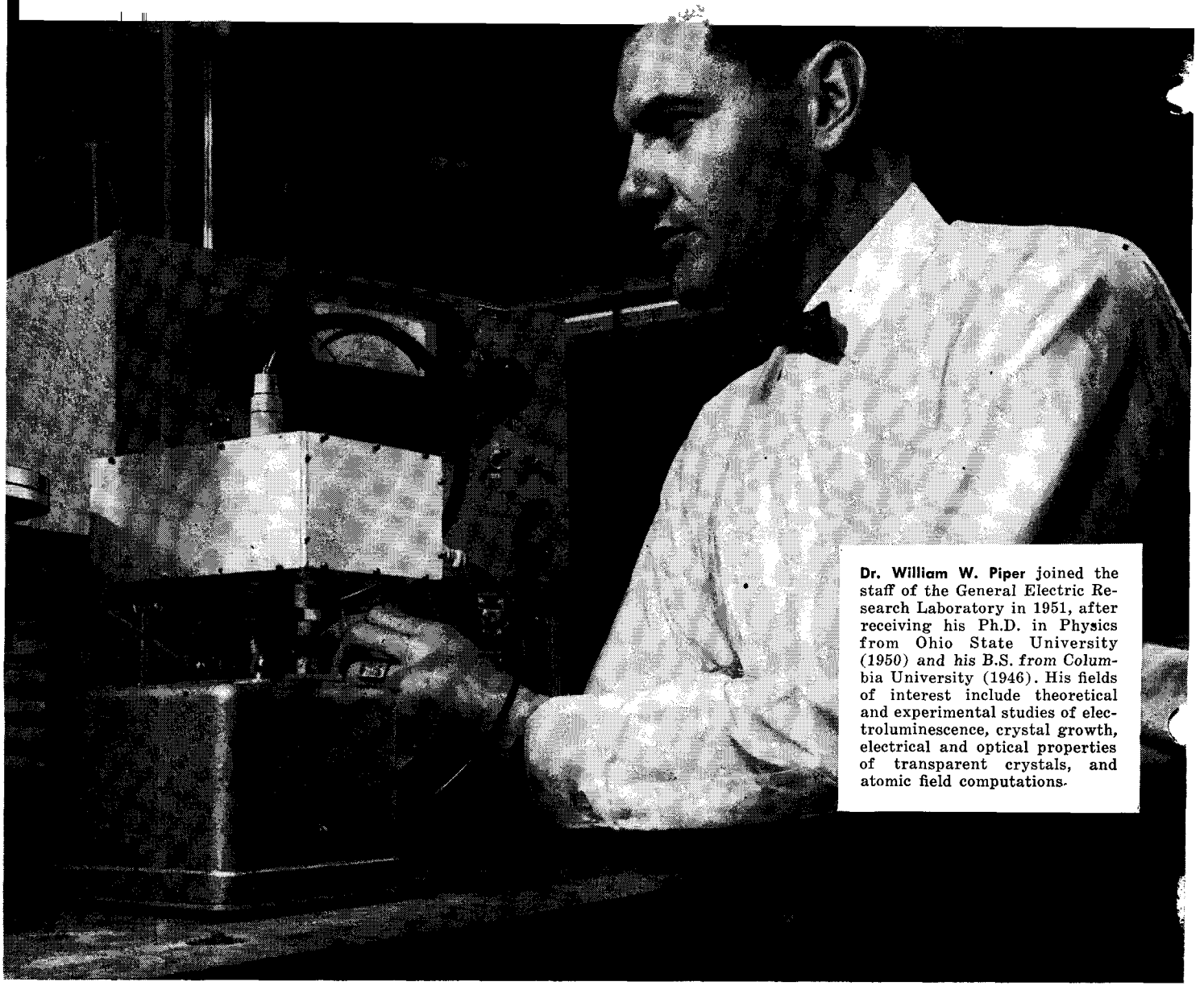

Dr. William W. Piper joined the staff of the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1951, after receiving his Ph.D. in Physics from Ohio State University (1950) and his B.S. from Columbia University (1946). His fields of interest include theoretical and experimental studies of electroluminescence, crystal growth, electrical and optical properties of transparent crystals, and atomic field computations.

Research in electroluminescence

Single crystals led General Electric's Dr. William W. Piper to new understanding of light sources

Electroluminescence, the process in which electrical energy is converted directly into light within a phosphor, has been known for many years. Only in the last decade, however, have scientists obtained detailed knowledge of its characteristics. Early studies were carried out with samples consisting of large numbers of microscopic phosphor particles. The complexity of this experimental system made it difficult to interpret the data obtained in terms of a fundamental explanation of electroluminescence.

Shortly after Dr. William W. Piper joined the staff of the General Electric Research Laboratory, he learned how to grow single crystals of zinc sulfide phosphors. His studies of these single crystals soon led to the successful identification of the means by which electroluminescence occurs in this material.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 2, 1958

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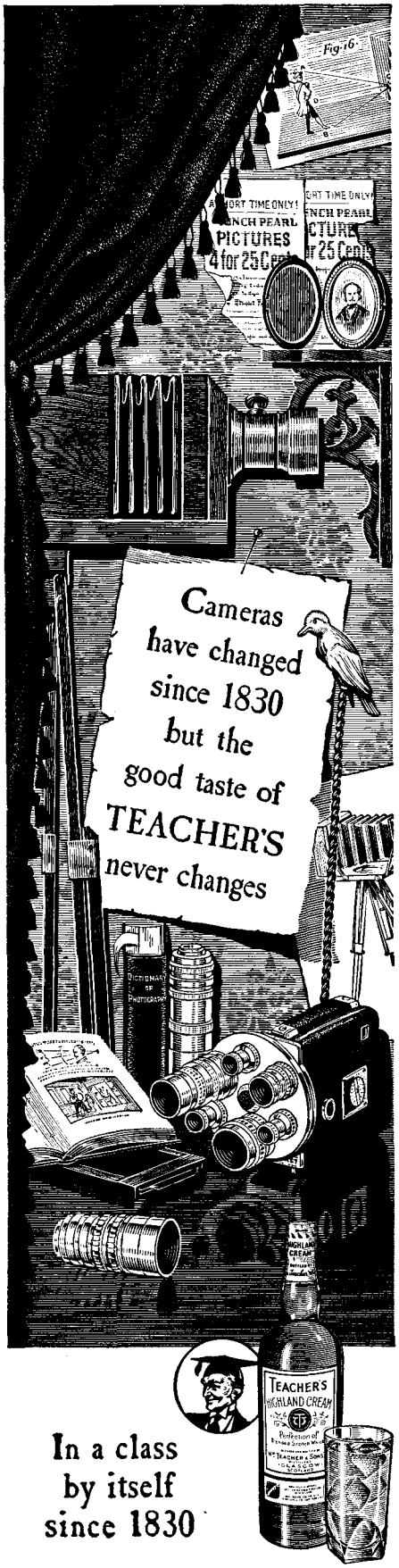

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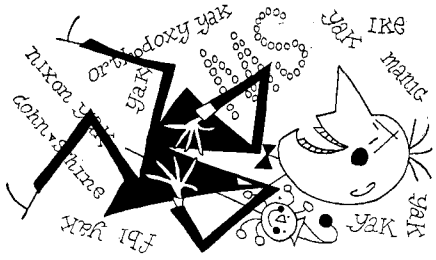
FIRST OF THE MONTH

OUR vacation took us, among other places, to a trap shoot at the old Forest Hills Hotel in Franconia, New Hampshire, a chess match at The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch in Stowe, Vermont, the jazz festival at Newport, Rhode Island (where, as Alfred Katz explained to Elaine Lorillard, "If you can hear the melody, you're a Fascist"), and finally to a visit with Mr. Mort Sahl. Mr. Sahl, who is thirty-one years old, is not only an up-beat note to an otherwise down-beat generation ("We used to pick out minority groups," he says, "and tolerate them"), he is also the most controversial humorist to come along since the word controversial became controversial. ("I've had a terrible day," he will tell you. "I've been living in our society.") Mr. Sahl both writes his own lines and ad libs his own ad libs ("I never trust a man who reads too much"), and if to some people he seems an Angry Young Manic ("I'm very manic when I work but I've decided against suicide—I want to see how it all comes out"), he seems also, to many more people, the King of the Sacred Cow Punchers ("I don't object to what you have to say as much as your right to say it").

Among other hitherto sacred subjects which, unlike 99 44/100ths per cent of other comedians, Mr. Sahl has not hesitated not to not mention, are President Eisenhower ("He kept us out of Space"), the President's Press Conferences ("We may be bombed by



an enemy—of your own choosing, of course"), Vice President Nixon ("He's been on the cover of every magazine except *True*"), John Foster Dulles ("The President says he wouldn't resign for the world"), the Air Force ("They've perfected the perfect missile—it destroys itself"), the late Joseph McCarthy ("You owe it to your kids to tell them about Cohn and Schine—otherwise they'll pick it up in the streets"), General MacArthur ("Originally he had planned to walk *on* the water, but Truman interfered"), General Motors ("One of these days they're going to get sore and cut the Government off without a penny"), the Chase Manhattan Bank ("They have several subsidiaries, you know—Western Germany, for one"), and J. Edgar Hoover ("I've just read his new book—'How to Turn Your Friends into the FBI for Fun and Profit'").

With such an ad lib repertoire, it is not surprising that Mr. Sahl has been, much of the time, network-wise, at liberty. Nonetheless, he has, in three short years, come from a San Francisco nightclub called the "hungry i" to a Broadway show called "The Next President" (which, although it closed after a couple of weeks, won not only critical acclaim but also a wire from Adlai Stevenson, "Good Luck to 'The Next President'—and I do mean you.") An only child, Mr. Sahl was born in Montreal, grew up in California, and, first an unsuccessful writer of one-act plays (about courts-martial, prison systems, and women not understanding men), finally became a one-act himself. He married his childhood sweetheart, Susan Barbior, but is now divorced and, in the words of actress Phyllis Kirk, "is gradually becoming more tolerant toward women which is, in view of his position, the only direction in which he could possibly go." ("Phyllis and I," replies Sahl, "scrutinize every problem to death.")

Sahl dislikes the Beat Generation ("irresponsible"), sick jokes ("anarchistic"), agents ("incompetent"), and indeed all "middle men" ("I don't like to have to talk to them to talk to you"). He likes Joanne Woodward ("my maternal godmother"), Bob Hope ("If it wasn't for him doing it, I couldn't"), Marlene Dietrich ("She almost makes you believe in something"), Mercedes McCambridge ("She even understands my yelling"), Jonathan Winters ("I even laugh at him off stage"), and Mark Twain, Melville and, above all, Julian Huxley ("He's a swinger. Every time I read him I say, 'You're right, you're *right*. There *are* principles'.").

Today Sahl has boiled his one-acter down to what he calls his "one-liner." He throws this not only at Conservative Republicans ("They don't believe anything should be done for the first time") and Modern Republicans ("They believe things should be done for the first time but not now") but also, occasionally, at Democrats ("They don't have any plan at all—they haven't even contacted an advertising agency"), and then, when he gets tired of politics—and indeed when he seems at his funniest—in all directions, viz.: "Just because the Russians are ahead in Space, let's not lose the battle for good manners down here," or "When Blue Cross dropped to two-fifty, we started getting all kinds of people," or "In Westport we solved our traffic problem without turning to Communism," or even, "Brooks Brothers is the only store that doesn't have mirrors—they don't need them, you know, they just get another customer to stand in front of

you." Some of these lines have even rubbed off, and wildly, on some of his benefactors—in particular his best friend and "discoverer," San Francisco's Herb Caen. "That's Sahl there is," says Caen, "there isn't any Mort."

• • Our recent column on the good work of the American Field Service (whose address, by the way, is 113 East 30th Street, New York City), brought us not only a good deal of mail but also a chance to visit with Mr. Donald Engle, manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who, with Mr. Eugene Ormandy, has just completed a magnificent goodwill tour of fourteen countries, including twelve concerts in Russia. We also had a visit from Mr. Harry Plissner, a fifty-seven-year-old retired Florida trailer court operator, who about a year ago became so annoyed reading about Little Rock and our bad press abroad that he decided to do something about it. He sat down and wrote letters to leading newspapers in all corners of the globe telling them he had American friends who would be glad to tell them the truth and also to send them copies of old magazines. Today Plissner, who lives at 345 West 58th Street, New York City, and whose wife is his only secretary, asks only that potential correspondents and magazine senders enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes. To date he had turned over more than 60,000 personal letters from overseas writers (mostly in the Middle East and Asia, by the way) to pen pals here, and these have, in turn, sent overseas some 100,000 magazines. Of late there have been an extraordinary number of requests for *SR*, from, Mr. Plissner assured us, "intelligent readers only" (sic).

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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TRADE Winds

SECOND THOUGHTS: When I wrote a column a few weeks ago about Charles B. Anderson, new president of the American Booksellers' Association, and how he had made a success out of his book-shop in Larchmont, New York, apparently droves of readers prepared to quit their jobs and professions and start shopping for a bookstore for sale. We have one authentic case where a man and wife actually purchased a book-shop and are now in business as a result of the column.

"Maybe we described this business in terms that glowed too much," Mr. Anderson told me the other day. "It isn't *that* idyllic and remunerative."

Well, anyway, more than half a hundred enthusiasts have written him, and have gotten back a personal reply and a copy of an ABA brochure which tells all about the business of selling books. One of the correspondents thought he would like to own a bookstore because it would be a "clean business." Mr. A. tried to set him straight: "It is the dirtiest business I know outside of coal mining."

A schoolteacher in Michigan wrote that she was tired of low salaries in

education and wanted to start a bookstore, where she could earn more money. Mr. A.: "My comment to her was that there is a certain security and satisfaction in knowing that you are going to be paid whether the students learn anything or not."

One gentleman who wrote owned a restaurant and felt that, since he was getting no younger, the more tranquil life of a bookseller had an appeal to him. The reply: "If this is your only reason for going into bookselling, stick with the restaurant."

Wrote a lady from California: "I have always loved books and would welcome an opportunity to read the new ones as they are published." Mr. Anderson reported that he used to read more books before he was in the business because now he is too busy selling them. "In the retail book business, it is more important to have a superficial knowledge of a great many books than to know a few well."

And as for that couple who own a bookstore right now because of the TRADE WINDS of June 7, they said the other day, "That story changed our whole life."

That much we do know. Whether for good or ill—we don't know.

FROM THE forthcoming "Dumas Dictionary of Cuisine" (Simon and Schuster), I learned that toasts were first drunk in France at the time of the Revolution. The word came from the English who, when they drank to anyone's health, put a piece of toast in the bottom of the beer pot. Whoever drank last got the toast.

One day Anne Boleyn, then the most beautiful woman in England, was taking her bath surrounded by the lords of her suite. These gentlemen, courting her favor, each took a glass, dipped it in the tub, and drank her health. All but one, who was asked why he did not follow their example.

"I am waiting for the toast," he said.

MOTHERS OF THE AGES PAST

By Virginia Scott Miner

Mothers of the ages past
Didn't, somehow, seem to last.
Fading early, each became
A gently-treasured, precious name.
From those saintly lips was heard
Not one less-than-loving word,
Or, if heard, was swift forgiven
One so near the brink of heaven.

But without too much contriving,
I've been good, dear, at surviving—
With this, then, for penalty,
That you know the worse of me—
Know that, love you as I do,
I am only human, too,
And were a saint's robe (I admit it)
Offered me, I should not fit it!

THE WELL-KNOWN photographer, Ivan Dmitri, says that if a person is studying to be an artist he can go to the museums and see the great paintings by the great artists, and learn thereby. So, asks Dmitri, why shouldn't museums collect and hang great photographs so that someone can go and see fine examples of photography, too?

Dmitri, who was responsible for the fine color pictures in the Eastman show a few months ago, told me, "I have a feeling that art museums should start collecting fine pictures made through the medium of the camera. Color, not black and white. Why take black and white when you can get color. And they should be called pictures, not photographs. It would be hard to find them, for the same high standards would apply that apply to paintings. I, for instance, may have only four or five that would be worthy of consideration and that would live. The trouble is that museums still frown on photographs."

When Dmitri was one of the world's foremost etchers, years ago, he signed his work "Levon West." When he went into photography, the galleries told him he'd ruin his reputation as an etcher, so he spelt it sideways and came up with "Ivan Dmitri." Two of his books, "Color in Photography" and "Making an Etching," are signed by the appropriate names. It is not true that his next book, "Baseball Self-Taught," will be bylined "Yogi Mantle."

IT'S SO DIFFICULT to find anyone with divergent opinions these days that it is always fun to go back to Teddy Roosevelt and hear him sounding off. In a letter to Kermit exactly fifty years ago he wrote: "Dickens was an ill-natured, selfish cad and boor, who had no understanding of what the word 'gentleman' meant and no appreciation of hospitality or good treatment. Naturally he would think there was no gentleman in New York, because by no possibility could he have recognized a gentleman if he had met one. Naturally he would condemn all America, because he had not the soul to see what America was doing."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: ► Phrases That Are Misused All the Time Because People Don't Know the Real Meaning of Them, No. 8: "The lion's share."

► Things They Have Not Yet Been Able to Accomplish In This Day and

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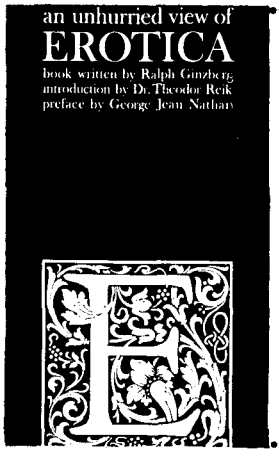
an unhurried view of EROTICA

book written by Ralph Ginzburg
introduction by Dr. Theodor Reik
preface by George Jean Nathan

This is one of the few books ever published with the basic facts about erotic literature. Out just a few weeks, it is now in its sixth printing. It includes lengthy excerpts from leading works of classical erotic literature in library Rare Book Rooms and on Restricted Shelves. It tells about the collections of the late J. P. Morgan, the British Museum, the Vatican Library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the late Dr. Kinsey and the Ivy League college libraries.

AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA has been applauded widely by literary figures and critics. Dr. Theodor Reik: "courageous" and "a valuable piece of conscientious research." Martha MacGregor of THE NEW YORK POST: "side-splitting." Jerome Beatty in THE SATURDAY REVIEW: "scholarly." Mike Wallace: "controversial." Charles Wagner in THE NEW YORK MIRROR: "long needed . . . rich . . . clearly a labor of love." Robert Landry in VARIETY: "clever and comical . . . illuminating, scholarly, witty." George Jean Nathan, the eminent critic, wrote the Preface to this book just before his death.

Beautifully designed, handsomely printed, elegantly bound and boxed in a permanent slip case, AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA in Connoisseur's Edition is offered for immediate delivery at $4.95, postage paid.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Age, No. 11: Make revolving doors easy to revolve.

► Ditto, No. 12: Make milk cheap enough so the ones who need it can buy it.

► The custodian of the map and chart collection at the American Geographical Society swears this is true. A man came in the other day to borrow a globe for his son. The boy was studying the United States, so that's what daddy asked for—a globe of the United States.

► When you fly by Air Jordan on what they call "The Holy Land Route," from Jerusalem to Beirut, your plane cruises along at 1,000 feet below sea level. You get a certificate enroling you in the Below-Sea-Level Flying Club, permitting you to make exclusive use of the password: "How low can you get, and still fly?"

► The doctor of a man in the advertising business advised him to sell his car and roll a hoop to work and back every day for his health. The fellow did it, and every morning he'd be seen hooping it down Madison Avenue to a garage, where he'd park the hoop until it was time to run home with it that night. One evening he handed his parking check to the attendant, who came back and said that they couldn't find the hoop. There was a terrible scene, climaxed with the manager of the garage promising

the irate adman that if he'd go to Abercrombie and Fitch the following day he could get a new hoop and stick and charge it to the garage. The gentleman was not appeased, however, for he bellowed at the garageman:

"That's all very well for you to offer to buy me a new hoop tomorrow! But how am I supposed to get home now?" —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1270)

T. ROOSEVELT:
THE GREAT ADVENTURE
(As a memorial: 1858-1958)

With all my heart, I believe in the joy of living; achieved not as an end in itself but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done; and of risk and danger, never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced.

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The Saturday Review
AUGUST 2, 1958

PARNASSUS, USA

Three Sanctuaries for the Artist

By BRADFORD SMITH

WHAT writer, painter, or composer has not dreamed of a perfect spot where he could complete a piece of work undisturbed?

The dream begins with a key which opens a pair of magic gates, letting him into an isolated valley between high mountain walls, a place where he can work undisturbed on whatever creature of the mind he is trying to bring to birth, where his meals will be supplied, his housekeeping done for him, and where there will be congenial company for an after-dinner chat.

Such a place exists, even to the key and the magic gates, though few have heard of it. Its name is the Huntington Hartford Foundation, and the magic gate is little more than a mile from Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, though the private road which leads to it twists and turns so many times as it winds along the edge of a canyon near the place where Will Rogers once lived that most people give up before reaching it. At last a pair of sturdy iron gates bars the way, but if you have a key to thrust into the unobtrusive lock from your seat in the car, a pair of electric motors will open the gates and you glide down another half mile of curving road to the bottom of the canyon, with a glimpse of buildings and swimming pool beneath as you go.

The floor of the canyon is hardly a hundred yards wide, though it stretches for nearly a mile before narrowing into wilderness. Scattered about on the level, or tucked away on nearby slopes, are sixteen studios. The men and women who work in them have been carefully selected on the basis of their demonstrated achievement in writing, painting, sculpture, or composing. Some are internationally known while some are just beginning their careers. All are enjoying, thanks to the founder, Huntington Hartford, the thing a creative worker values most—uninterrupted privacy in which to work.

Each studio contains living and working space, with every provision for reasonable comfort. The buildings range from handsome ones designed by Lloyd Wright (the son of Frank Lloyd Wright) to converted garages and stables. The community house has a small library, television, record player, a comfortable lounge, and the dining room where Fellows breakfast together between 8:15 and 9. Then they disappear to their studios, to which basket lunches are delivered. If they wish uninterrupted privacy, they need not see anyone again until supper at six o'clock. Almost the only rule is that they are not to call on each other during working hours without a previous invitation. If, however, they want to relax during the day, they can play table tennis or badminton, walk on the paths that climb up the canyon, or in warm weather swim in the pool.

Thanks to the direction of John

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Vincent, composer and professor of music at the University of California (Los Angeles), the spirit of the place is relaxed and cordial. The presence of the Vincents over weekends gives the place an informal family quality, while the staff members who operate the Foundation are capable, tactful, and friendly. They supply every necessity in unobtrusive fashion. The food is not only plentiful but excellent, thanks to a Hungarian couple whose pastries are unmatchable. Under such conditions, if there are any prima donnas among the Fellows, they quickly learn to adjust their temperaments to the prevailing tone.

Occasionally the whole group goes to a play, a film, or a concert as the Foundation's guests. More frequently they spend the early evening hours in talk, scrabble, chess, listening to music or watching television. Usually the group breaks up early, for many return to work.

Stays range from one to six months. Fellows sometimes return for another visit, but never for more than six months in any two-year period. The Foundation has discovered that those who stay longer are likely to lose their contacts at home and thus find it difficult to re-establish themselves.

And what do they pay for this ideal working place?

They pay nothing. Nothing for food, lodging, or studio. They even receive a moderate credit against professional supplies, free transportation by Foundation station wagon for necessary errands and, within reason, for recreation. Their only expense is for personal laundry and incidentals, though of course they must get themselves to Los Angeles and back home again.

Huntington Hartford, grandson of the founder of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, has always been interested in the arts. In addition to the Foundation, he has established a legitimate theatre in the heart of Hollywood and is now building an arts center in New York which will house, among other things, his own fine collection of paintings. When he decided to establish the Foundation, he talked to Mrs. Edward MacDowell, grand old lady of the famous colony in New Hampshire, benefitting from her experience as a pioneer in the field. In 1949 the Foundation opened its doors. Soon after, the place got some bad publicity on account of the personal behavior of some of the people it took in, but this was ironed out and since Dr. Vincent took charge in 1952 it has run smoothly and well.

Once admitted, Fellows make no reports either while there or after they have left. It is assumed that responsible artists are capable of self-discipline. A cabinet full of books produced by Fellows, recordings of their music, and color slides of their art work proves the point.

Recent Fellows include Max Eastman, Clyde Brion Davis, Chard Powers Smith, Irving Fineman, Carl Carmer, and the painter Edward Hopper, winner of one of the annual awards given by the Foundation. The one in music was won by Ernst Toch. Aside from these winners, who receive a cash prize and a period of residence with their wives, all other Fellows must apply for residence. Wives are admitted only if they qualify separately in their own right.

While Huntington Hartford is the youngest of the three havens for creative workers, it has certain advantages over the other two. Because of the California climate it can operate fully throughout the year. It apparently has an adequate endowment to meet all its needs in the foreseeable future. But it is a long way from the East, where the majority of professional artists still live.

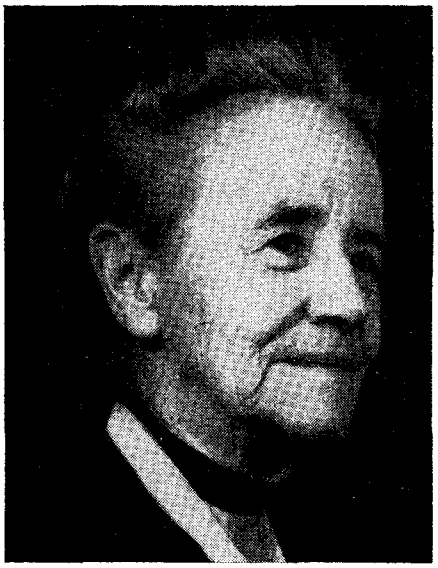
The MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire, has the advantage of being close to its potential customers. Widely known as the first of its kind in the United States, it has operated for fifty years, thanks very largely to the indomitable energy, vision, and good sense of the grand lady who was its spirit for all that time until her death two years ago in her ninety-ninth year. Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the composer, has told how a drive started by the Mendelssohn Glee Club (originally intended to care for the composer, who however died shortly thereafter) raised the $30,000 which made it possible to begin.

Mrs. MacDowell devoted the rest of her long life to the colony. She interested George Pierce Baker in writing and staging the Peterborough Pageant which focussed interest on what the colony was trying to do. She toured the country giving concerts to raise money. Benefactors who admired her spirit came to her aid. One converted a barn into a community house. Another gave a memorial library which now houses a valuable collection of musical manuscripts. The National Federation of Music Clubs gave steady support. Funds were also raised to acquire more land, build more studios, and provide a growing endowment. Endowed and general funds have risen to nearly a million dollars, but as the colony has enlarged its work, more money is needed.

ALL three organizations—the third is Yaddo near Saratoga Springs—use admissions committees of established artists to select those who will be invited. The MacDowell Colony now ac-

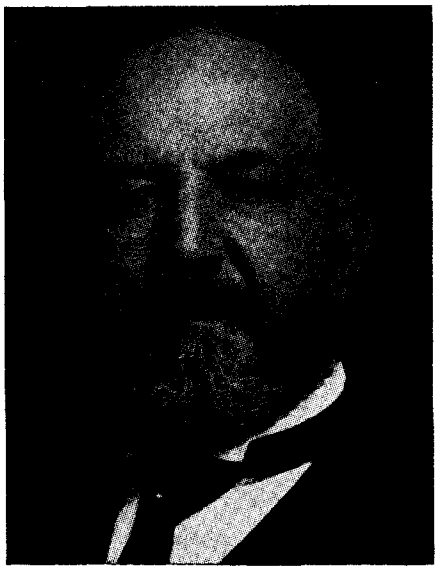
—*Wide World.*

Huntington Hartford—"youngest . . .



—*Cary A. Walbridge.*

Mrs. Edward MacDowell—"devoted . . .



Spencer Trask—"his wife continued . . .

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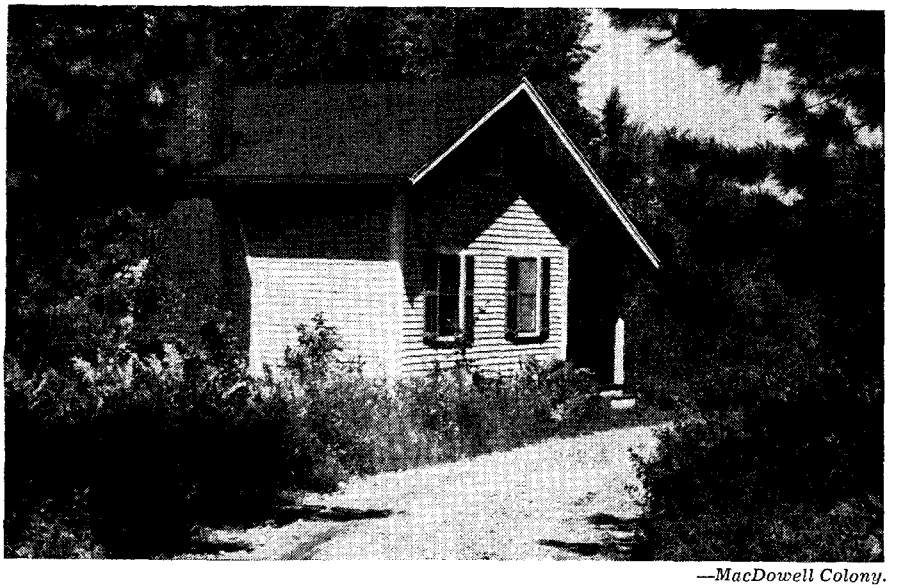
—*Huntington Hartford Foundation, by Vincenti.*

. . . of haven-founders . . . he talked to Mrs. MacDowell."



—*MacDowell Colony.*

. . . long life [to] . . . the most distinguished [artists] in America."

—*Yaddo.*

. . . turning their home over to the use of creative people."

commodates about twenty-five Colonists at a time (at Yaddo they are "guests"), usually for three-month periods, though the time may be more or less. Until recently it could operate only in the summer, but under its very able Executive Director George Kendall studios have been prepared for winter use.

With its separate studios and living quarters, its impressive stone library, its 600 acres, its large community house and Hillcrest, once the home of the MacDowells and now renovated so that it can be offered to an Artist-in-Residence and his family, MacDowell is the most extensive of the three. Its studios, widely scattered through the woods, afford complete privacy. It also carefully guards the time of its Colonists and protects them from interruption. No one but a Colonist may eat in the dining room, arranged with tables for four in contrast with the one long table at Huntington Hartford.

In the old days Mrs. MacDowell used to visit around from studio to studio in her dogcart or buggy to see if there were any complaints, and her sensitive understanding nature kept the atmosphere warm and friendly. If an occasional troublemaker got in by mistake, she knew how to deal with the situation. Although artists are thought to be more temperamental than other people, the fact is that the foundations have had relatively little trouble of this sort—no more than any group experiences when living so intimately together.

MacDowell Colony has been a haven to hundreds of artists, many of them among the most distinguished in America. For years Edwin Arlington Robinson did much of his best work there. Other Colonists were Elinor Wylie, the Benets, Padraic and Mary Colum, Willa Cather, Roy Harris, Charles Wakefield Cadman. Thornton Wilder and Aaron Copland still come, and other recent guests include Ernst Bacon, Rumer Godden, Norman della Joio.

MacDowell Colonists pay the nominal sum of $20 a week for room and board if they can afford it. If not, they may apply for a fellowship, a number of which are given every year.

Tennis, music, walks in the woods or to the nearby village afford relaxation, but there is no television.

The idea for Yaddo goes back beyond the beginnings of the MacDowell Colony, though it was not finally put into effect until 1926. Its literary associations reach back to the early years of the nineteenth century when a Revolutionary veteran who had built a farm and tavern there entertained many writers of the day with his

(*Continued on page* 40)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Lives of Unreason

By Granville Hicks

IRRATIONAL behavior plays such a prominent part in human life that it has always and necessarily figured largely in fiction. But only in modern fiction is the character emphasized who is wholly irrational or is seen only in his irrational aspects. Freud and his followers no doubt deserve a share of the blame—or the credit—for their deep probings into the nature of irrational behavior have made us more fully aware of its importance. More fundamental, however, is a feeling, apparently shared by many novelists, about the world we live in. In a crazy world the irrational person is the representative person.

Albert J. Guérard's **"The Bystander"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75) is in part a study of an unsuitable love affair, and the examination of this particular type of irrational behavior is, as I remarked a few weeks ago, traditional in European literatures. But it is also a grim story of a man whose deepest need is to be humiliated. "I, writer, artist, translator, hack; gambler, sensualist, fool"—so the narrator describes himself. "The reader of my record may take me for a fool," he says. "But at least he will know me for an honest one. A portrait of the artist as a sensualist and lover; and as spectator, the onlooker at his own ruin." But if it is true that Antony is the careful observer of his ruin, he is also its architect.

His love affair is with Christiane Mondor, with whom he becomes infatuated when he is fifteen and she, a few years older, is beginning to be known as an actress. For some years he adores her at a distance, attending the plays and moving pictures in which she appears, reading about her marriages, even attending a scandalous trial in which she is a witness.

Then, eighteen years after the first meeting, he sees her again, comes to know her, eventually becomes her lover. For Antony life in the intervening years has grown more and more squalid. He has had no success as a writer, and he has made and unmade a stupid and unsatisfactory marriage. When he comes upon Christiane, he is living in a sordid room and is involved with a servant girl, Simone, who takes pains to see that he is tortured with jealousy. "So this was my love and my bondage of this spring in Nice, above the triperies and the ribboned and laced sausages and the wineshops. I hated her. And I loved her as a man can love only his own ruin; can love his entranced languor and the slow dissolving of his will."

From all this he is saved by his chance meeting with Christiane. There is a studio-cabin near her villa on Cap Ferrat, and she invites Antony to make use of it. Their intimacy grows, and he rejoices in his escape from "my particular and chosen dark pit." When they become lovers, there is "a time of quiet happiness."

"Perhaps it was simply not in my character to accept such a calm, untroubled happiness," Antony observes, and there is no "perhaps" about it. Systematically he sets to work to destroy everything.. His excuse is the fact that Christiane is being kept by a dignified middle-aged industrialist, M. de Breteuil, who spends a few weeks each summer with her at the villa, which is his. That Antony might be jealous of the man is understandable enough, but we soon see that he is driven by something stronger and less comprehensible than jealousy. With great skill Mr. Guérard describes the stages of Antony's abasement: the disastrous days he and Christiane spend together, at his insistence, away from the villa; the mad gambling in which he impoverishes himself in spite of a prodigious run of luck; the interview in which he compels M. de Breteuil to humiliate him. In the end, of course, he returns to Simone and the degradations she imposes upon him.

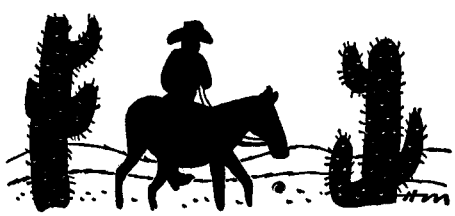
Guérard, a professor of English at Harvard, is a man of formidable versatility. In addition to five novels, he has written critical studies of André Gide and Thomas Hardy, and a book on Joseph Conrad is soon to appear. Although he was born in the United States, his father, the historian Albert L. Guérard, was born and educated in France, and the younger Guérard has spent much time in that country and is familiar with its literary traditions. As he himself observes, the method he employs in "The Bystander" has been influenced by Gide, Camus, and other French novelists.

It is a method he employs brilliantly. Antony prides himself on his honesty, and his self-revelations seem wholly uninhibited, but in the long run they are less significant than his self-betrayals. Why he is what he is we have little idea, although there are allusions to difficulties between his father and mother, but what he is emerges more and more sharply. The character of Christiane also becomes perfectly clear, even though we see her only through Antony's befogged eyes. She is not, as he persists in believing, unchanged by eighteen years of varied and sometimes sordid experiences, but, still enthralled by his "schoolboy's daydream," he is incapable of accepting what the real Christiane has to offer him.

FROM France comes a less traditional and more puzzling novel, **"Portrait of a Man Unknown"** by Nathalie Sarraute (Braziller, $3.50). Jean-Paul Sartre speaks of it as "this difficult, excellent book." Difficult it unquestionably is, and Sartre's introduction does little to dispel the difficulties. That many of its parts are excellent the reader quickly discovers, but one cannot say confidently that Mlle. Sarraute has done what she set out to do.

The problem of the novel is the problem of reality. The narrator becomes obsessed with an old man and his daughter: what are they really like? What they seem to be like is set forth in a series of excellent scenes, for Mlle. Sarraute is adept at the kind of realistic writing against which she is in revolt. What lies below the surface, however, which is what concerns the narrator, is something that he only briefly and vaguely apprehends, and it is his moments of illumination or near-illumination that bewilder the reader.

Mlle. Sarraute feels that most of life is lived in what Sartre calls "the realm of inauthenticity." Her narrator is one who, unhappily for himself, is not always at home in that realm. He is driven to look for the authentic, though what he knows of it is terrifying. He speaks of "the misshapen tatters, the trembling shadows, the ghosts, the ghouls and the larvae that flout me and which I nevertheless pursue." In the end he simply gives up the pursuit, and it is a baffling conclusion to a baffling book. Mlle. Sarraute's talents command respect, but it is not clear to me that her experiments are as important as Sartre and other admirers believe.



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FICTION

When the Joints Were Jumping

"The Horn," by John Clellon Holmes *(Random House. 243 pp. $3.75), is a novel about the music and musicians of the jazz world. Poet and critic Kenneth Rexroth, who reveiws the book, has been associated with the San Francisco "beat" writers, prominent among whom is the author.*

By Kenneth Rexroth

JOHN CLELLON HOLMES is famous as the inventor of the Beat Generation. But if he is himself a Beatnik, he is a Beatnik with insight, a coherent Beatnik. His novel "Go" was not so ambitious as a "work of art" as Jack Kerouac's "On the Road," let alone "The Subterraneans." But it is far more comprehending. I know the point of beat literature is precisely its lack of comprehension—oh, I dig—but if you want to understand the little group of Greenwich Villagers Allen Ginsburg so pathetically called "the best minds of my generation," "Go" is the book.

"The Horn" is about Negroes and jazz, subjects about which the Beatnik, by definition, knows very much less than nothing. So "The Horn" is hung up on its own dilemma, but not badly hung up. Holmes shares the jazz mystique, the fascination with jazz as a way of life common to all—American and foreign—bohemia today. If (as Norman Mailer has characterized him) the hipster is an imitation Negro, the characters in "The Horn" are the kind of Negroes the hipster tries to imitate. Holmes is a conscientious craftsman, with considerable understanding of humans and their motives, and his fictional honesty redeems him. He says, "Finally Negro people are forever out of reach of white people, no matter how the whites strive or how they yearn." This is certainly the worst sort of Negrophile mystique. In jazz they call it "Crow-Jimism." The only answer to it of course is, "Well, what are you doing writing this novel?"

Nevertheless, his people are, for many pages at a time, simply people, with rather special conditions of tragedy, but finally with purely human tragedies, like you and me. The mystique distorts; this is not the life of Negro jazzmen, but it is remarkably close. As a matter of fact, "The Horn," like "Go," is a *roman à clef*, and the distortion of Negro life and of the jazz world is proportionate to Holmes's inventions and departures from the facts in the lives of his originals.

His people are close enough to real life for one powerful conclusion to come through and slap you in the face. What a horrible life! Now the hipster, the Beatnik, imitates the horror. He likes it. The characters in "On the Road" don't have to live that way. The Negroes in "The Horn" do, and they don't like it a bit. As a social document "The Horn" is a shocking exposé of working conditions of the Negro in the entertainment business.

The writing is pretty dithyrambic. Algren and Kerouac are not the best models for Holmes, with his more pedestrian talents. In spite of this, the mystique slowly drains out. What finally emerges is a novel of tragedy and disgust—"The Jungle" of the life of a jazzman in the days of bop. What a life for artists to lead! Thousands of Modiglianis and Soutines and Utrillos and Artauds in all the ugly jazz joints of America. No center possible for life at all except the immediate act of art which is jazz—so beautiful and gone in an instant into a smoky, noisy, drunken room, like Brancusi's "Bird in Flight" in Doré's "Inferno."

On one point the mystique does not catch Holmes out. Carried away by the fervent bop propaganda, he does attribute far too much to the music as music. All the storm and stress of the bop revolution was about nothing more than the introduction of a few chords which were commonplaces to Beethoven, the use of the saxophone as a woodwind, which is what it is, rather than as a novelty instrument, and a slightly more flexible treatment of the standard jazz beat—8/8 or 12/8 instead of always 4/4. Even today the new "1958 Harlem Hard Bop" sounds like nothing so much as very simple, extra loud Berlioz. Like almost all jazz buffs, Holmes shows no signs of knowing what goes on musically in jazz—he digs it—it sends him. It doesn't really send the musicians, they just tell the customers that. They *know* what they are doing. The real touchstone of musical appreciation in modern jazz is the young bassist—called Billy James in the book, but obviously a real person well known to all modern jazz fans—whom Holmes puts down with a series of sneers. To be brutal about it, he has something of the tone of "Who's this uppity nigra with his Juilliard education?" Holmes is still looking for that jungle note.

It so happens that in real life this man got his first date as a high-school boy with Kid Ory, who is jungly enough for anybody, was brought out in New York by Oscar Pettiford, who is pretty funky still, was known all through the bop era as "The Bird of the Bass" though still just a kid, and today is the foremost single pioneer of the kind of modernist jazz that Holmes mistakenly thinks bop was. He is anything but a snob and if he did walk to the mike once in Minton's and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is not jazz; these are very sick men," nothing shows how right he was more than the retelling of the episode in this very book. (But then, what is a novel for? Revenge is sweet. He—the original—recently drove a bunch of noisy Beatnik would-be "jazz poets" out of the club where he was performing. They were friends of Holmes's.)

Fortunately, things are no longer quite so bad as they were in the days of this novel, the Thirties and Forties. A period of minor musical revolution in the till then extremely hidebound world of jazz happened to coincide with humanity's worst world war and with the concommitant social and cultural breakthrough of the American Negro. The story of Lester Young's persecution in Army stockades is far more awful than any of the episodes from his career reworked in this book. Los Angeles or Harlem, Buddy Collette or Don Byrd, the young Negro musician coming up today will never comprehend just how awful it was, what a cruel price, the price of life itself, older jazzmen paid to put him where he is. "The Horn" is a pretty accurate picture of that life—that life and that death. They can read about it there. I don't think they are going to have to live it. If some of them do, it will be because they want to—like the Beatniks who think it's kicks.

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Struggle for Roots

"Strangers on the Earth," by Henri Troyat *(translated by Anthony Hinton; Crowell. 328 pp. $3.95), continues the chronicle of the Danov family, who, driven from Bolshevik Russia, come to a new exile in France. It is reviewed by Virgilia Peterson, a critic and lecturer on the literary scene.*

By Virgilia Peterson

THE Russian-born French writer Henri Troyat has the energy and fertility usually associated with the Balzacs and the Dickenses of an earlier day when novels, like dinners, were more copious. Now comfortably middle-aged, M. Troyat already has an imposing body of biographical, critical, and fictional work on which to stand. At present he is engaged upon two quite separate series of long family novels, of which one series is about a loving French couple, Amélie and Pierre, and their forebears and descendants, while the other series, the one that concerns us here, is about the Danovs, a Russian merchant family not unlike M. Troyat's own, and its uprooting and transplantation.

"Strangers on Earth," the story of Michael and Tania Danov and their two sons, is the sequel to "The Red and the White," in which we met the Danovs on their own czarist ground, learned to know the feudal splendor in which they lived, and saw the tidal wave that swept away the whole structure of their society and washed them up, exhausted, desperately shaken, but still together, on the alien soil of France. Now, in this second volume, M. Troyat continues the chronicle of the exiled Danovs in the years between the two world wars.

Inevitably, neither Michael nor Tania nor Tania's brother Akim, colonel of the Alexandria Hussars, nor, of course, Michael's aging Circassian mother, who did not even understand until her last breath that it was not in Moscow but in Paris that she was dying, could take root again. In their own minds, as well as in the minds of the French with whom they came in contact, they remained strangers to their new corner of the earth. No matter what changes the Soviets had brought about in Russia, to them it was still home.

It was not in the older generation, therefore, but in the two Danov sons, Serge and Boris, that the struggle for roots took place. Theirs was essentially the dilemma of loyalty. Were they to live, as did their elders, in memory, in the unfounded hope of returning to a land and a life they had scarcely known, or were they to sever the chord by which their parents sought to hold them, and build a future in France? The older brother, Serge, can hardly be said to have made his own choice, since moral weakness trapped him, at the very edge of manhood, into so hopelessly corrupt a position that his chances were blighted before he could master the power to choose. But for Boris, the younger Danov son, and undoubtedly to some extent at least the prototype of the author himself, the dilemma was all the more profound because of his innate human stature. "I must try," Boris wrote in the diary his mother found hidden in his closet, "to make my feelings independent of circumstances."

TODAY, when literally millions of new émigrés face the same problem, when exile-itis—that gnawing and corrosive disease of the soul—is probably more prevalent than ever before, the Danov story has a peculiar and moving pertinency. Beneath the drama of Serge Danov's dissolution—instigated by that terrible character named Kisiakov, whom everyone who read the first volume of this series will remember for his depravity—and the drama of Boris Danov's finally successful bridging of his loyalties and his loves, lies the real tragedy. For underlying all other instincts, as M. Troyat himself is well aware, there is the need of every human being to feel at home.

JAPANESE FLEURS du MAL: Osamu Dazai's powers as a novelist in "The Setting Sun" and Donald Keene's proven ability as a translator will raise favorable expectations for their new collaboration, **"No Longer Human"** (New Directions, $3.50). In the first book significant form, a distinguished style, and a sensitive heroine gave dignity and beauty to Dazai's world of "the disqualified." Mr. Keene's abilities continue to excite admiration, but "No Longer Human" falters between Western and Japanese fictional modes and is strong only in deformity.

Yozo, the hypersensitive, overly idealistic hero of the novel, cannot understand the "elusive complexities" of modern life or the histrionics of his contemporaries. To cover his despair he adopts the role of a buffoon, only to feel the shame of an actor who finds the role taken for the man. His experience with an indifferent family, predatory men, and the many women who melt before him brings him to seek escape in liquor, debauchery, liquor again, and dope. Such efforts to maintain his human dignity and spiritual defenses only destroy his humanity and dispirit him to the verge of madness.

Yozo is, then, the isolated man of so much fiction since Dostoevsky and Kafka, and his plight is significantly that of modern intellectuals everywhere. But it is just at this point that resemblance stops and unfavorable criticism must begin. Dostoevsky and Kafka—Dazai for that matter in "The Setting Sun"—wrote novels with living form and had something significant to say. This novel is scarcely a novel. Its episodic nature is not enhanced by the weary device of certain "discovered" notebooks; and such reiterated ideas as: "Society . . . is the struggle between one individual and another" or "immaculate trustfulness" is "a source of sin" spring so baldly from the writer's copybook that they are scarcely even aphorisms. Few people will read the book pleasurably for its form or ideas.

Nonetheless it has a true emotional power that draws the reader into its psychological Inferno. This convincing emotion is a "silent current of misery" and its attraction is that of "its odor or irrationality." In different terms, the novel is most successful when it is expressively Japanese, most awkward when it is analytically Western. Yozo's remarks about the Communist Party fit the novel perfectly: it appeals "not so much for its basic aims as its personality"—not so much for its ideas as for a consistent tone conveyed by image, economy, oblique conversations, startling juxtapositions, and stylistic grace.

These are Japanese *fleurs du mal*, but unhappily grown in a Western hothouse. The novel conveys the feeling that life is the compost on which these rankly flowering, fatal weeds thrive, but it bumbles in discursive statement of the paradoxical idea. In "The Setting Sun" feeling and idea harmonized in form; here they conflict and the form is unconvincing. The reasons why this is so can best be gauged from reading Mr. Keene's thoughtful introduction, this book, and other, more integrated Japanese novels. —EARL MINER.

OUTMODED CODES: Poteen is an Irish brew that makes novelists write like farmers, farmers talk like novelists, and both see leprechauns. Possibly because author Michael McLaverty's brand of poteen is mild, there are no leprechauns in **"The Choice"** (Macmillan, $3.75), but there is a good

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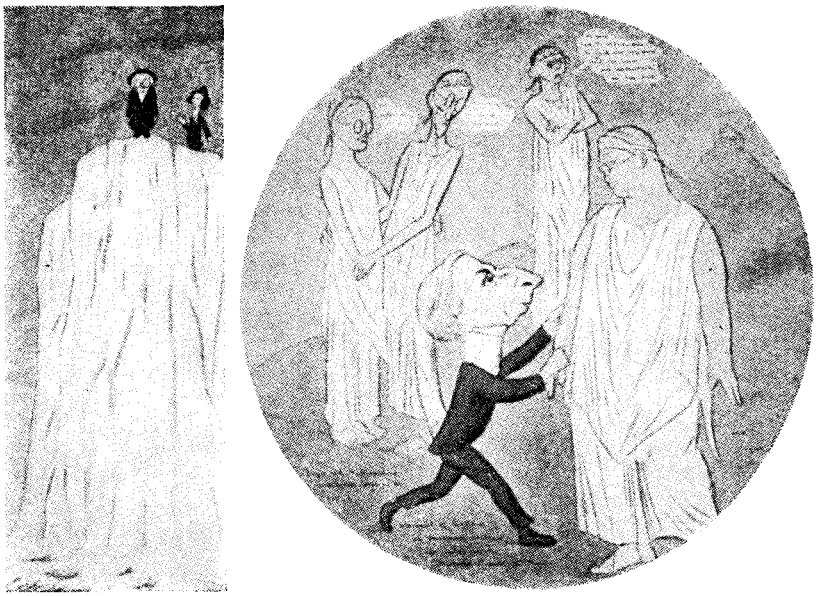

THE BITE OF BEERBOHM

LEFT: "Twice at least during a week's winter excursion in Cornwall I knew, and had reason to know, what it was to feel nervous; for he would . . . stand without any touch of support at the edge of a magnificent precipice, as though he had been a younger man bred up from boyhood to the scaling of cliffs and the breasting of breakers."
—Extract from Swinburne's memorial essay on Jowett.

RIGHT: Logic and Mathematics Reconciled Through the Bitterness of Beholding the Passionate Advances Now Made by Mr. Bertrand Russell to Physics. (Logic: "How unlike dear Mr. Mill!" Mathematics: "Odiously incontinual and fluxional!" Politics: "He even had the impertinence to flirt with *me* once. And no man ever understood me less well.")

THE SPECIAL GENIUS OF SIR MAX

*Eleven years ago a little book was released containing six of Sir Max Beerbohm's unique broadcasts and a half dozen "other things." When the author died May 19, 1956, a sequel of the same title—**"Mainly on the Air"** (Knopf. 212 pp. $3.75)—was in the hands of his publisher. Enlarged by more than one-third, this posthumous volume includes fourteen broadcasts and six "other things." In the following essay the English novelist and critic Frank Swinnerton examines the special genius of Sir Max.*

By FRANK SWINNERTON

MAX BEERBOHM was born at exactly the right hour in time —on the same day as Aubrey Beardsley, August 24th, 1872. The place of his birth, he afterwards claimed, was within sound of Bow Bells; and this fact has great significance for those who believe that all cockneys are unimpressible. They will attend to what occurs all about them; they will listen, laugh, sympathize, and (as history shows) write immortal poetry; but they will never, in all their days, abandon the inborn gift and habit of irony.

Max was a cockney; therefore he was an ironist. He once wrote, "I wish I could cure myself of speaking ironically. I should so like to express myself in a quite straightforward manner." And even in this wistful cry he was being ironic, for his mind rejoiced in its own fine interweaving of critical candor and mockery. It had begun at school, where he drew caricatures of all the masters and impressed one of them (evidently not a cockney) as having natural abilities of a high order. It continued to develop at Oxford, where he pretended to be a quietly observant Nobody. It took him into the pages of *The Yellow Book* when he was twenty-two, introduced him at the same age to all the literary and artistic talents and fakes who then frequented the Cafe Royal, and reached its first climax in 1896 with the publication of "The Works of Max Beerbohm."

The London of Max's childhood was quite unlike the characterless compound of today. It still retained an air of the eighteenth century, had no automobiles, great red omnibuses, or electric trains, but only what he called "flippant high dog-carts and frivolous private hansoms shaming the more serious public ones." There was time to stroll in the parks or along Piccadilly, where the Savile Club then had its premises; time to visit exhibitions of the impressionist painters, old music-halls, and those theatres for which he always retained an affection, the Haymarket and St. James's. In Vigo Street, John Lane and Elkin Mathews published little books of verses and little books of essays. Wits talked for effect, and elegance separated itself from the mean streets. This was the nearest thing there had been for a couple of centuries to days when Swift, Addison, and Congreve chaffed each other in St. James's Park, and when Pope entertained his friends at Twickenham. It was the perfect environment for a *petit maître*.

HAD Max been born ten years earlier, he could not have flowered so pleasantly; ten years later, and he would have found himself chafed by the Edwardian determination to change our social structure. He could not have written "Zuleika Dobson," which is essentially (although published in 1911) a work of the Nineties; his delightful reminiscences—true or fabulous—of artists and writers, actors and Victorian hosts would perhaps have seemed to him not worth recording. Furthermore he would not, having as it seems to me reached a brilliant maturity at the age of forty, have survived to become the idol of another generation.

It was Bernard Shaw who, retiring from the post of dramatic critic to *The Saturday Review*, hailed his suc-

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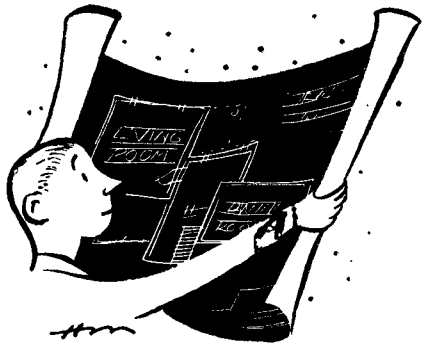
cessor as "the incomparable Max"; and he did this regardless of the fact that Max was an imperfect Shavian. Shaw, like Max, had no jealousies; and while he was a strenuous propagandist for the New Drama of his age (especially the plays of Bernard Shaw) he valued men for their intrinsic quality, not for the accidents of class or opinion. He knew that Max was a critic; he was not deceived by that quiet modesty of manner under which lay the capacity for ruthlessness, ferocity, and contempt.

Max's manner, indeed, was perfection. He sat or stood absolutely still, was as gentle as he was assured, listened to louder persons, and forgot nothing. The second time he clapped eyes on me—at one of George Doran's rich parties at the Savoy in London—he approached. "When I last had the pleasure of meeting you," he remarked, in the mildest tone, "you said . . ." How complimentary! I do not deny that he may have invented the observation which he proceeded to attribute to me; but the tact with which he claimed to have remembered me with pleasure was characteristic. And, as showing the unsleeping alertness of his memory, I recall that when, at another of Doran's spectacular parties, we all—Wells, Bennett, and others—spoke harshly of dramatic critics, he defended them adroitly and temperately. Somerset Maugham said with an air of innocence, "I remember one dramatic critic advising me against writing plays. He told me I had no sense of the theatre." There was no pause, no haste, in Max's reply. "You must remember, Willie, that when I said that, you had only written 'A Man of Honour,'" he objected, smiling.

He was unruffled. One could not imagine him as ever ruffled. Reading his early essays, which are ironic to the point of negativeness, one discovers a determination to "sing small." "I was a modest, good-humored boy . . ." "For my own part, I am a dilettante, a *petit maître*. I love best in literature delicate and elaborate ingenuities of style . . . I am not of the stuff which stems the tide of democracy." Such phrases abound in "The Works" and "More." Their writer lives in a safe world where ridicule will be accepted and relished. He has not to fight, either for a living or for a place in the literary skies; and although he claims to have been angry, when young, because not all the theatres in London were given over to intellectual drama, this was not the case. He was vexed by pomposity, the *faux bon*, platitude, and lack of humanity; nothing else.

True, he could speak sharply, not



least of Shaw's "Man and Superman," which he reduced to formula, and most of all of a popular dramatic journalist named Clement Scott. He attacked Hall Caine. He spoke so adversely of Arthur Bourchier, the actor-producer, that for a while he was denied a seat in Bourchier's theatres. But these were minor issues. He rarely wounded, because he obeyed his own law of criticism. "The best kind of critic," he said, "the helpfully interpretative, the almost creative critic, is very passive before he becomes active." It was not until he published "A Christmas Garland," best of all volumes of parodies, that, besides showing how attentively he had remained passive, he fully revealed the destructive possibilities of his mind.

The book was bland. It made fun of eighteen prose writers, from Meredith and Henry James to George Moore; and only towards two of them did it show cruelty. These were Galsworthy and A. C. Benson. Other men, who might have been expected to offend one so fastidious, were deliciously complimented by small but brilliant additions to their published work. "A Christmas Garland" was the production of the same boy who caricatured his schoolmasters without offending them. It might have shown, as the poetic drama attributed to "Savonarola" Brown did, that if he had trusted his capacity for original creative work Max could have equaled any of his august contemporaries.

He did not trust that capacity. Having an extraordinary gift for amusement over the foibles and futilities of other men, he was destroyed as a creator by fear of exposing his own. The fear is shown in "Enoch Soames" as in " 'Savonarola' Brown," both of which are studies in failure; it is shown in the fact that none of the easy references to himself, whether they were incidental to his dramatic criticism or his broadcast reminiscences (such as we may read with delight in "Mainly on the Air"), told us more about himself than we could have discovered for ourselves.

It means little enough. Max belonged to a generation which did not undress in public, did not shout, did not engage in self-advertisement. He was eternally polite, reserved, the opposite of what George Moore's friend Edward Martyn called Moore, "a bhit of a bhank-holiday fellow, ye know." He disliked bad manners and those Bloomsbury poets who offered the world "tricksy snippets of dry prose." It is possible that there was nothing more in him than the fine taste, the passivity before every manifestation of the human spirit, the ridicule of whatever was grandiose or blatant, which we find in so many of his cartoons and so many of his pages. But "Zuleika Dobson" shows his capacity for extravaganza; "Seven Men" has enough inventiveness to supply a lesser writer with material for ten or a dozen novels.

For these reasons, Max will keep his small and unique place in modern literature. I think the earliest essays date from the time he was forty, when he apparently had regular visits from inspiration, to the end of his life. He was without question what Shaw called him so long before, "incomparable." He has not become, and will not become, an anachronism.

Pick of the Paperbacks

SHAKESPEARE AT WORK: 1592-1603. *By G. B. Harrison. University of Michigan Press.* $1.75. The elaborate world of Elizabethan England is the background for this scholarly but consistently readable study of Shakespeare's plays, his theatre, and the age in which he lived.

IN THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAM JAMES. *By Ralph Barton Perry. Indiana University Press.* $1.50. From Dr. Perry's Pulitzer Prize-winning book about his teacher and friend, "The Thought and Character of William James," comes much of the material in this study of the brilliant and provocative "spiritual statesman."

THREE PLAYS. *By August Strindberg. Translated by Peter Watts. Penguin.* 85¢. This trio of Strindberg dramas includes the familiar brooding and realistic "Miss Julie" and "The Father," as well as the later and more mystical "Easter."

THE DRAMA OF LUIGI PIRANDELLO. *By Domenico Vittorini. Dover.* $1.98. One of Italy's most original dramatists is treated to both reverence and scholarly understanding in this interpretation of Pirandello's numerous and often enigmatic plays.

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The Middle Menace

"The Democratic Vista," by Richard Chase *(Doubleday. 180 pp. $3.95), takes the form of a dialogue in which is discussed the virtues and defects of modern American life and letters. Ben Ray Redman, who has for many years contributed to* The Saturday Review. *considers the study.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THE formal dialogue is not a popular literary genre, but it has a long and honorable history as a vehicle for the presentation of ideas, and there is no doubt that when controversial subjects are being dealt with there is much to be said for the dialectical, as opposed to the didactic, method. Within its limits the writer enjoys great freedom, for those limits can contain an entire spectrum of styles and tones, ranging from the cold marmoreal elegance of Landor to the warm and easy conversational vivacity of George Moore. And the reader of a well-balanced dialogue finds his mind prodded, not to move in a single direction, but to decide which of two or more directions is the best to take. It is in this form that Richard Chase, professor of English at Columbia University, has chosen to express a variety of speculations regarding "life and letters in contemporary America."

His principal speakers are Ralph Headstrong and George Middleby; secondary parts are played by Rinaldo Schults and Maggie Motive, while the wives of Ralph and George have a few pertinent words to say on the domestic economy of academic and surburban American households. The Headstrongs formed their attitudes towards life during the 1930s, under the influences of FDR and the New Deal; the Middlebys are products of the Forties; Maggie is tagged as a daughter of the Twenties, and Rinaldo, a newly naturalized American, sees the United States through the eyes of an intelligent optimist, conditioned by the thinking of the European Left. There is no spokesman for conservatism. Indeed, Mr. Chase believes quite simply that there is no place for conservative ideas in the American scheme of things.

Ralph, a professor who admittedly speaks for the author, sees the last decade as an "interim" period, "as a time of denial, of retreat, of short-range vistas and purblind projects." George, trying to choose between a teaching career and the insurance business, is more complacent; he feels occasional twinges of radical thought, but on the whole he is pretty well satisfied with American society as it is in the 1950s. Rinaldo looks to a future in which the best elements of Ralph's cultural criticism and the valuable features of George's "commonsensical" realism will come together in a concrete synthesis. Maggie, however, proves an entirely inadequate representative of the 1920s, and perhaps betrays Mr. Chase's lack of any personal knowledge of the decade.

Ralph, speaking as an "avant-garde critic," is convinced "that discontinuity and contradiction have always been of the essence of American culture." The vitality of our society and of our most significant writers has sprung from inner contradictions and tensions. Those springs of power are now menaced by a national "search for a middle way," by a movement "toward some sort of middle ground of taste and opinion, a general desire for passivity and rest and conformity. . . . " Our once vigorous highbrow and lowbrow cultures are threatening to collapse "into a formless middle way of feeling and thought." The church and the university are conspicuous victims of the current cultural drift; by yielding to the demands of the world they have abdicated their special functions, and have diminished their value to the world. Our only hope is that the avant-garde intellectuals will be able to keep alive "a tradition of radical criticism and democratic affirmation," vitalized by contradictions and tensions.

I have barely done justice to the central line of Mr. Chase's argument; for its ramifications readers must look to him. And, whether they agree with him heartily or violently disagree, they will not be bored.

Richard Chase—"democratic affirmation."

NICOLSON'S NOTIONS: On his seventieth birthday, 255 of Harold Nicolson's friends presented him with a large check with which he decided to buy round-trip passage to Java for himself and his wife. **"Journey to Java"** (Doubleday, $5) is an account of this voyage, though the things observed become little more than the trimming for a celebration of "two of the happiest months which, in a life of wholly unmerited felicity, I have ever enjoyed."

Sir Harold, a constitutionally cheerful man, set about to investigate "causeless melancholy" and the reasons why "the *maladie du siècle* of the nineteenth century produced languorous melancholy, whereas that of the twentieth century is distinguished by fear and anger." The huge case of books which was lugged aboard contained the literary products of the great malcontents, melancholiacs, and escapists: Galen, Novalis, Amiel, Burton, Rousseau, Kierkegaard. Sir Harold's expositions are clear and entertaining, often touched with unabashed and guiltless intellectual prejudices. And though the modern cultivators of *Angst* may not wholly appreciate his conclusions, his generous friends will be glad to read that Sir Harold always emerged from his gloomy researches as much taken with the life immediately around him, as confident in his own happy state as ever.

"Journey to Java" is not a typical travel book. In it we do not learn much about the political or social questions of the lands visited. The descriptions of day-trips to exotic ports, all of which seem exactly alike, are superficial. It is more a journal of reflection, of observations on fellow passengers and the minutiae of day-to-day living. But most of all, it is a book about a man, a cultivated, slightly egoistic, and charming man, making a very special journey. —JEANETTE WAKIN.

Harold Nicolson—"a large check."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

A Geologist's Personal Terrain

"Clarence King," by Thurman Wilkins *(Macmillan. 356 pp. $7.50), is the biography of a nineteenth-century geologist and prospector whose personality is interesting today mainly for reasons other than his profession. These are considered below by Walter Magnes Teller, who is the author of "The Search for Captain Slocum: A Biography" and other books.*

By Walter Magnes Teller

TO EXPLORE the life history of Clarence King (1842-1901) was an excellent idea and it led Thurman Wilkins, his first biographer, into some little-known terrain.

Clarence King, in his lifetime, made a reputation as a geologist, but his interest for us now does not lie in that direction. He was not an original thinker, made no lasting contribution to his science, and his topographical surveys have long since been superseded. He wrote a fictionistic travel book, "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," which for many years was overpraised. Mr. Wilkins, professor of English at Columbia University, refers to it as a "minor masterpiece." I do not find it so. Its sympathies seem to me shallow, its humor sophomoric, its literary-esthetic values quite generally the false one of the age King lived in.

No, the importance of Clarence King is quite otherwise though his biographer apparently misses the message implicit in his own research. The real significance of King's life, I think, is neither scientific nor literary, but social. He was a prime example of what I suspect was a deep and widespread problem among the educated and artistic classes. The problem was that King found only dark-skinned women attractive. He was a "melanophile"—if I may suggest a word to denote a nonconformance which in our society is likely to be a psychosexual fixation. It is not a matter often discussed. However, by the life and/or work of Owen Wister, George Washington Cable, and William Faulkner, one knows that melanophilia is part of the American cultural experience. Only with King the predicament is perhaps especially clear because he was not a Southerner.

Consider these facts culled from Wilkins's book. King was born upper crust in Newport, Rhode Island, into a savagely emotion-crippling environment, the first child of his mother, a lonely girl about eighteen when she bore him. His father, who was in the China trade, died far from home when the boy was six. The fatherless and only child was then raised by two women: his mother and a Negro nurse. The former directed his education. She showed him the way to geology and Yale, and evidently to a life which estranged him from women of her color and class.

ON THE Western frontier King sought out the red-skinned females; in Hawaii, the "old-gold girls," as he called them. In Mexico, Alaska, Spain, and Cuba he looked for solace among dusky ladies. When he was forty-five he seems to have fallen in love. His choice was another Negro nursemaid, Ada Todd. He married her in New York in a phony ceremony, for which he adopted her surname, his father's first name. So by night with his colored family in Brooklyn—he and Ada had five children—he was known as James Todd; by day, Clarence King of the Century and Union League clubs. The strain of the double life told. In 1893-1894, he put in time in an insane asylum. However, before he died alone out West prospecting madly for silver and gold—he had long ago abandoned theoretical geology—he told Ada who he was.

But for fear of the mother who outlived him, and the repressive society she stood for, Clarence King might have lived a happier, more productive man. Miscegenation, he is quoted as saying, is the hope of the white race. The few extracts given from his letters to his wife reveal a deep affection. He promised to provide for her, leave her his collection of bric-a-brac. Did he? One of the children died young; what became of the other four? Mr. Wilkins mentions records of the New York State Supreme Court. What are those records about? Maps are wanting, and so is a facsimile of King's handwriting.

James T. Gardiner, Richard Cotter, William H. Brewer, and Clarence King on a California geological journey in 1864.

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The Indestructible President

"George Washington: Man and Monument," by Marcus Cunliffe *(Little, Brown. 213 pp. $4), is a biographical study of one of America's heroes and an attempt to discern the man behind the myth.*

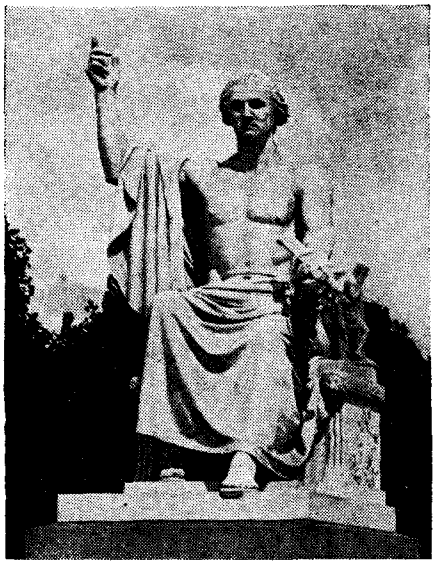
By Harrison Smith

MARCUS CUNLIFFE in his "George Washington: Man and Monument" has presented a terse and highly readable biography in which he has attempted to discern the actual man behind the impersonal, ever-growing legend. Throughout the book the myth and the man are inevitably confused, and it is Mr. Cunliffe's purpose to sharply separate them. "This is, of course, not to argue that Washington is undeserving of praise," he writes; "his merits were genuine and manifold. The crucial point is that the real merits were enlarged and distorted into unreal attitudes, and that this overblown Washington is the one who occurs immediately to us when his name is mentioned."

For more than a century and a half innumerable historians and biographers have attempted to present George Washington as a man who was at the same time the father of his country, a military hero, and a monument. There have been attempts to disparage him, and all of them have failed, or have been forgotten, not only because the American people regard him as a savior of the country, but because he represents what we would like to assume is the classical hero who is at the same time a symbol of the nation. In the second year of the Revolution a journalist wrote, "had he lived in the days of idolatry, he would have been worshipped as a god." Twenty years later another Philadelphian expressed his distrust of President Washington. "If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington."

The United States has been graced with two national and, indeed, world heroes: Washington and Lincoln, two men completely unlike except in their honesty, their courage, and their common sense. Washington was a Virginia squire, an excellent farmer, interested in acquiring land over the mountains and plains toward the Ohio. Married to his amiable and charming Martha, he was a colonel who led his men to attack the French invaders and their Indian allies. When the leaders of the colonies met together on the eve of the war with Great Britain, he was unanimously selected as the General of the Army. He was calm, self-possessed, handsome, with all the outward aspects of the military leader. From the beginning fortune was with him, though there were times when the cause seemed to be lost. "Temperamentally, he was something less than perfect," Mr. Cunliffe writes, "but he was capable of learning. In his initial lapses we may discern the source of his ultimate victories. For he was a fighter; he erred not through timidity but through pugnacity."

Mr. Cunliffe's book does not underestimate the man. In the mind of this reader, at least, George Washington remains a classic figure, a hero.



Greenough's "Washington the Roman."

Memoirs from the Hearth

FATHER HAD A BARK as loud as his bite, writes Robert Leckie in **"Lord, What a Family!"** (Random House, $3.50), his reminiscences of family life in Rutherford, New Jersey, of the Thirties. Father, or Foddy, had a red face, a mighty voice, and ironclad principles of deportment. Especially when it came to his five daughters. As the girls became nubile, Foddy allowed dating, but late hours, drinking, or kissing were staunchly outlawed. Foddy was everywhere and always militant. When one daughter crept out to a dance, Foddy came after her and dragged her forcibly from the dance hall. He overheard a goodnight kiss, demanded and received a written apology from the culprit. He was not above using his blackthorn stick to chase suitors from the house. Somehow or other, all the Leckies grew up soundly: the girls found husbands, and Robert wrote his book with detachment and great good humor.

THE PERILS OF PARENTHOOD, according to Arthur Marx's gag-riddled **"Not as a Crocodile"** (Harper, $3.50), are prodigious. Marx, son of comic Groucho, is pretty funny himself as he relates the miseries he endures for the sake of "togetherness" with his two small sons. (The boys have their own problems.) As a free-lance writer, Marx is home most of the time, writing skits for the Cub Scouts, supervising Little League Games (even "a little Little League is too much," he sighs), and taking his sons to popcorned Saturday movies. After "Peter Pan," son Stevie dreams of a crocodile. The psychiatrist decrees that Father is the reptile and indulgence the only cure. Weeks of father-son activities follow—kick the can, touch football, Chinese handball. Marx, though exhausted, emerges, along with "togetherness," triumphant. Now when Stevie has nightmares, Mother is the crocodile.

LITTLE ORTRUD is the sugar-and-spice heroine of Elizabeth Kirtland's **"Buttons in the Back"** (Vanguard, $3.50), a fictionized account of a small girl's growing up in a Southern town during World War I. Ortrud, born Gertrude, hates her name—"it's like potato bugs in a bottle and not like fireflies in the sky." She dreams of herself as a circus rider, an inventor, a fairy queen. A pink, back-buttoned dress with ruffles in the dry-goods store seems just the potion Ortrud needs to turn her into a princess. In Eloise-fashion she charges the dress to Papa. In Ortrud-fashion she pays for it—by being forced to wear the dress every day for weeks. Although the adventures of Ortrud are related with a good deal of charm, they are rather limited. Ortrud is, after all, only eight. —ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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The Saturday Review

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Living in Two Worlds

WE ARE living, all of us—whether Americans, Russians, English, French, Chinese, Lebanese, Egyptians, or Siamese—in two totally different worlds.

The first of these worlds is old, familiar, visible, combustible, and unworkable. It is the world in which nations act as nations have always acted. Experience has taught them that they live a hazardous and unpredictable existence; that life is full of sneak attacks and that everything they own may suddenly be taken from them. And so, they insist on the means of producing and inflicting mass death. They attempt to maintain security through strength. If that strength is insufficient, they try to combine it with the strength of other nations when there is an identity of interests.

The question of morality in such a world is irrelevant because morality cannot exist where a perpetual clash of interests is assumed and where brute force determines the ultimate shape of history.

In this first world, therefore, it is quite logical that the United States should act to protect its interests abroad, as it did in the case of Lebanon. If a surging Arab nationalism will weaken our position in the Middle East, then it can be argued that the United States should do whatever is necessary to keep that from happening, within the United Nations if possible, and without the United Nations if necessary.

But we are not the only ones who live in this first world. The Soviet Union has interests of its own to pursue in the Middle East—geographically, economically, politically. The Soviet encourages the Arab nationalist movements because they turn large numbers of people against the Western world which for many years controlled their nations. The Soviet also relishes the prospect that a nationalization of the oil production of those countries would be disadvantageous to Great Britain and the United States. Apart from this, the Soviet does not want a potentially hostile armed force so close to its own borders.

So much, then, for the first world in which we all live—a world of conflicting national interests—in which the struggle for power is real and in which force has once again been used to assert a national will.

Now we come to the second world. It is new, complex, exacting, difficult; it is also at once dangerous and promising. The second world is one of almost total change. It has changed the physical earth in its relationship to man. Vast distances have ceased to exist. The new reach and power of human beings know almost no tangible limits. Most important of all is that nuclear switches can now be pulled and whole nations and their peoples expunged from the face of the earth.

Such a new world imposes stern conditions. It requires a high order of intelligence. It cannot be subjected to unlimited strains or tensions. It will not operate itself. It must be operated; but the people who operate it must know what they are doing. In this sense it is as exacting and demanding and difficult as the highest science known to man.

The principal stress point in such a world is unfettered national sovereignty. And it is at this point that the two worlds, old and new, come into conflict. However logical and natural it may seem to a nation to assert its sovereignty through force or a show of force inside the old world of plot-and-counterplot, self-interest, and balance of power, the changed conditions of the new world make absolute national sovereignty unworkable. Military victory, the supreme achievement of sovereignty, is no longer possible. Nations no longer can declare war or wage war; they declare or wage mutual suicide.

We exist in two different worlds but we pay a price for it. Decisions may be made on the level of old-world thinking but the consequences take place in the new. A nation that is guided primarily by traditional ideas of self-interest will quickly lose its principal power. For real power in the new world today is measured not so much by stockpiles of weapons as by the leadership a nation is able to exert among the large majority of the peoples on earth, by its moral standing, by its ability to recognize new realities, by its desire not to use force but to control it, by its willingness to work for a true rule of law.

LIVING in this new world does not mean we should ignore the existence of threatening ideologies. It simply means we have to fashion new means for competing with those ideologies. We can challenge the Soviet Union to a competition in terms of which nation can do the most for the human community. We can invest ourselves and our resources in a total commitment to the cause of a better and safer world. We can stop grumbling about the veto in the U.N., which we ourselves sponsored, and proclaim our readiness to be part of a U.N. without a veto and with the authority to enforce world law. We can advocate a permanent U.N. force—adequate to deter aggression, adequate to carry out inspection as part of workable control over nuclear arms, adequate to keep the peace itself.

An American does not serve the cause of America just by cheering for our side every time we send men with guns into other countries in an effort to protect our self-interest. The same holds true for an Englishman about England, or a Russian about the USSR, or a Frenchman about France. Now is the time for all men to come to the aid of the human party, and to consider actions or policies according to the interests of meaningful life on earth. If the image of America we create in the minds of enough people says we are helping to create a situation of sanity and safety in the world, we will be secure in the only way it is possible to be secure. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OUR DREAMS OF HEROISM

My present rage is over, of all things. Hollis Alpert's review of a movie I have not even seen—"A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (*SR* July 12). I do not alibi for an instant the actions of Germany in World War II. I only wish to emphasize that individual private soldiers on both sides in this and any other war are essentially alike. Many Germans knew they were on the wrong side of the fence, but what was the individual to do about it? Was not the point of the book that if one does eventually do the "right" thing it cannot be understood in the emotional context of war. Early in the novel the hero sees a Russian guerilla grovel rather than fight his captors, even though he knows with certainty that either way he will be dead in a few minutes. The German wonders what he would do given the same choice—he considers and then admits to himself that he would probably do the same as the Russian. Indeed, so would virtually all of us, but we are not forced to choose and so can cherish our dream of personal heroism.

Mrs. Raelyn Cole.

Issaquah, Wash.

Editor's Note: *Mr. Alpert replies: "Mrs. Cole seems to be talking about the novel. I was talking about the film. I was not considering the guilt-problems of the individual soldier on either side of World War II. I was simply discussing what seems to be a trend in current movies: showing German soldiers as reluctant to fight and to kill in the Nazi cause. The facts are otherwise. Hitler and the German General Staff created one of the most efficient war-machines ever to appear on earth. In this machine served millions of well-trained, efficient, and war-oriented Germans. They fought well, skilfully, and they killed millions of American, British, Polish, French, Norwegian, etc. soldiers and civilians. They also staffed concentration camps and committed atrocities. And, despite the new Hollywood 'line,' they gave mighty little indication of disliking their job."*

PHYSICAL BLOW

The poems that John Ciardi sees fit to publish never fail to ring a bell with me. For instance, the impact of "No Daughter of Mine" (*SR* July 5) was almost like a physical blow. I still cannot think of it without the tears coming to my eyes.

Beth Campbell.

Vernon Center, N. Y.

WOBBLING FAITH

Only rarely does one find an article which not only expresses interesting and vital ideas, but also is written in a flowing, logical, readable style that heightens the effect of what is said. Such a piece is Gerald Johnson's "The Use and Abuse of Leadership" (*SR* July 5). Mr. Johnson has inspired at least one "follower" to try to do better at being a responsible citizen. He has done much to restore my wobbling faith in the American ideal.

Mina H. Daniels.

Durham, N. C.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Forget about Plato and his ideas and listen to me."

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

I was particularly impressed with Johnson's emphasis on the responsibility of the individual voter. I trust he is correct in stating that "we are more inclined each year to take it for granted that a contemptible representative means a contemptible constituency."

Emily Sanders.

Charleston, S. C.

TORONTO'S CLAIM

Just to keep the record straight, John G. Fuller's example of humor which has settled on Philadelphia ("I spent a week in Philadelphia one Sunday") (*SR* July 12) settled upon Toronto quite some time ago, from the pen of Stephen Leacock.

Robin W. Winks.

New Haven, Conn.

PHILLY FIGHTS BACK

Back in the old days of vaudeville, Philadelphia, because of the blue laws, was one of the spots where they could not perform on Sundays; thus, the vaudeville shows were held in Camden, New Jersey, just across the river. For lack of either imagination, ingenuity, or material, present-day comics are resurrecting jokes of 1900 vintage without giving credit to the originator or looking into the city which they continue to make the butt of bad humor.

We are happy to say that Philadelphia today is being recognized as one of America's great cities which has made a comeback. No longer can our city be classified as a sleepy one. Our progress in redevelopment, urban renewal, slum clearance, police and fire protection, tourist attractions, etc., back all this. We are an old, self-confident, and enthusiastic city.

Abe S. Rosen,
Deputy City Representative.

Philadelphia, Pa.

STOP-PRESS PIECE

I have read the ill-tempered letters regarding John Ciardi (*SR* July 12). Please be careful of Ciardi. Don't let anything happen to him. He delights me.

Furthermore, I fully agree with his opinion of Anne Lindbergh's "poems." His commentary on Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" was masterful. Why don't you ask Frost to comment on Ciardi's commentary? This would be a stop-press piece.

Jerome Pearre.

Pontiac, Ill.

RIGHT TO ELOQUENCE

I find nothing offensive or pretentious in John Ciardi's review of his own book. Whether or not one agrees with his idea of love and death, it would be cruel indeed to deny him the right to an eloquent opinion.

Suzanne Evans.

New York, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Latest Imports

IN **"The Captain from Koepenick,"** Heinz Ruhmann, a German actor, gives a marvelously touching portrayal of an ex-convict who, seeking for papers that will give him the right to work again, lands in deeper and deeper trouble. This little fellow eventually comes to the conclusion that as you seem so you are: he buys himself an officer's uniform (second hand) and proceeds to take charge of the town hall of Koepenick, near Berlin, arresting the mayor on unspecified charges, and sending him off to headquarters in Berlin. The hoax perpetrated in the movie occured in actuality. Wilhelm Voigt was the man, 1906 was the year, and the incident caused a good deal of laughter, not only in Germany, but throughout the world. The Kaiser eventually pardoned Wilhelm and he was given the papers he needed to work and travel. Carl Zuckmayer made a play of the story, and so popular is it in Germany that this is the third film version made of it.

What gives this new movie its special charm is the gentle, downtrodden, and sympathetic hero made out of Wilhelm Voigt by Heinz Ruhmann, an actor of very great ability. Willie gets discouraged but is never defeated. Even spending an important part of his life in jail doesn't make him bitter. The movie also goes in for some fairly delicate satire on uniform-wearing, and tells the story of the one uniform in particular that Willie eventually gets hold of. This business of uniforms and the militarism that was so calmly accepted as part of the German way of life may remind some of a more innocent era, but for me it had ghastly overtones. After all, there was a sort of Captain from Koepenick who also donned a uniform and proceeded to rock the world. The movie does remind its audience from time to time that the human being comes first and the organization second, but the admonition is couched in fatherly, benevolent tones that have about as much impact as a feather pillow thrown from a first floor window. However, this movie is about the most artfully done of any from postwar Germany, and speaks well for the talents of its director, Helmut Kautner. It's done in color, and has excellent English subtitles.

* * *

It's my understanding that **"The Parisienne,"** the new Brigitte Bardot vehicle, will be released in two versions: subtitled for the more sophisticated audiences and dubbed for what United Artists (the releasing company) terms "the popular audience." I can only report on the sophisticated subtitled version, which struck me as a farce of the type that is known as French—that is, a great deal of scampering about from bed to bed, misunderstandings, jealousies, and finally the triumph of true sex. Doing most of the scampering is Brigitte, who plays the overendowed daughter of a cabinet minister fallen in love with a member of his staff. A country weekend establishes the seeming need for a shotgun wedding, and the state visit of some Scandinavian or Belgravian royalty provides the occasion for high-level jealousies and amorous intrigues. Henri Vidal and Charles Boyer are the two men in Brigitte's life, and the pace, as the camera follows the plunging neckline and the waggling derriere of Miss Bardot, is practically pellmell. We might even go so far as to term this a superior French farce, with fine work by Mr. Boyer and first-rate views of Miss Bardot.

* * *

That hardy but welcome perennial, Fernandel, is at work again in **"The Man in the Raincoat,"** a mystery farce directed by the capable Julien Duvivier. Fernandel is a clarinet player who, his wife away, visits a handsome lady of the evening. She goes to get into something more comfortable, then literally falls into his arms, a knife sticking from her back. Before the mystery of this strange assassination has been cleared up, six more corpses have landed in Fernandel's waiting arms. The most interesting of the eventual corpses is a bushy-bearded eccentric played by Bernard Blier who, while he is alive, attempts genially to blackmail the puzzled Fernandel. The grisly joke withers away after awhile, since even corpses can grow tiresome, but, as usual, M. Fernandel makes the most of his opportunities. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Just a Click Away

IN NEW YORK CITY, there has been an explosion on the air waves. When WNTA-TV, New York's Channel 13, went on the air early in May, it was quickly evident that its new owners—an outfit called National Telefilm Associates—were determined to do something different.

"Channel 13 . . . just one click away from Channel 2," is their announcers' unorthodox slogan. This is not just a free plug for their CBS competitors; no one could afford such friendliness under TV's jungle law. The click on the dial is to a different *idea*; it might be called the reality idea. WNTA-TV has faced facts. We are not, their programs imply, a nation of Van Dorens and Von Nardoffs. Nor are most of us as clever and/or beautiful as the networks' slick performers. The American male doesn't often have a gun, rarely travels. Few and far between are females as consistently charming and beloved (for even an hour a week) as Desi's Lucy. WNTA has wrenched us away from this never-never land and brought us the ordinary, the familiar, the usual. Their quiz show "Make Up Your Mind," for example, has a homely interest. The pleasant, unassuming, and, if they will forgive the appellation, unglamorous panelists are author Edith Walton and John S. Young. With two guests, they decide (as can the audience) what to do about a one-dish spaghetti dinner spilt on the kitchen floor, finding a hundred dollar bill on the street, and other such plebeian issues.

There is a wealth of other programs in the people-as-people grab bag. Give real authors a half dozen objects and a leisurely atmosphere and see them develop an idea in "Make Up a Story." Or watch beauty expert Richard Willis apply his realistic, often-a-touch-sardonic fashion dicta to willing victims; "You might try soap and water, *daily* . . . and don't just curl your hair, brush it." The recklessly disorganized "Celebrity Bowling" has the virtue of acknowledging that even "names" can be comfortingly inept on the alleys.

Newscaster Walter Kiernan's programs, which WNTA's vice president Ted Cott describes as "the best thing we've done so far," not only bring viewers news but also Kiernan's opinions, whether or not they agree with management. "Kiernan," allows Cott, "is a person, not an automaton reading the ticker."

Economics demand that most TV stations pad their air time with films. WNTA is no different. Operating on what Cott states is the lowest program budget of any local commercial station in a major city, they devote three evenings a week to the continuous showing of feature films which only occasionally rise above the usual mediocrity and add nothing to the station's distinction. But whether because of taste or budget, the rest of their film programming is out of the ordinary. New Yorkers can see the best efforts of other local stations, such as "Inmate," a superb film made inside a prison by a Boston station, or New York's "Sunrise Semester" shown in the evening.

The WNTA outfit are in no sense do-gooders. "We're in show business," says Chairman Ely Landau, "and we have to get audience to get advertisers, to get dollars to have programs with which to get audience." Along with President Oliver Unger, he has, in five years, parlayed a modest investment in a film network into a corporation which grossed over 17 million dollars last year, owns two stations (the other is KMSP in Minneapolis), and is negotiating for more. He considers program boss Cott one of his top assets, asserts that "We let him strictly alone. He has carte blanche; what he wants to put on the air, goes."

AN OLD-TIMER, Cott had Milton Berle doing "Hamlet" on WNEW, put on music and news "because all the other fellows were doing talk," dreamt up the now-renowned "Night Beat" at Dumont "because it was opposite to the accepted late-night concept," will program a college mathematics course opposite Jack Paar. He believes that the TV camera should be used to "let the viewer see reality, actuality, news being made, rather than aping movie techniques."

Cott is enjoying any man's dream opportunity to prove his ideas, and seems delighted with the results. Only from time to time he speculates: "Of course, I'd be happier with 5 million dollars to play around with, but on the basis of the amount of business already contracted, the station should show a profit in its first year."

—ANNE W. LANGMAN.

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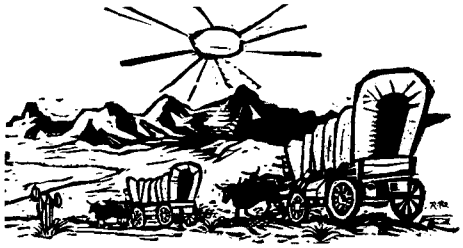

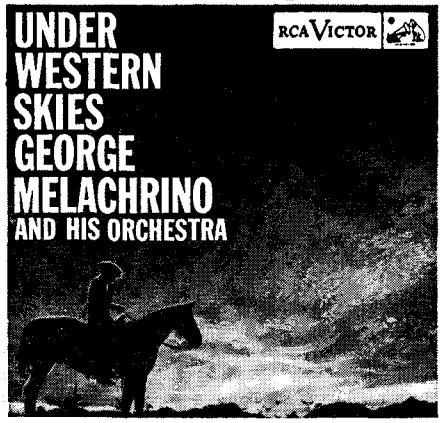

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bruno Walter Opens a Festival

VANCOUVER, B.C.

THIS Saturday night in July was like hundreds which have gone before it in Vancouver. After a day of searing sunshine, the night air was light, luminous, and refreshing. Crowds milled on Howe, Granville, and the other main streets, looking at each other, wondering, perhaps, if a better idea for an evening's diversion lodged in another's mind. A jukebox moaned in a nearby ice-cream parlor, strains of a combo drifted out of the second-floor dance parlor. But the Orpheum Theatre was not playing "And to Hell With Texas" tonight. Instead, an orchestra directed by Bruno Walter was playing Weber, Schubert, and Brahms. The first Vancouver (International) Festival was being born.

But, it may be added, not without difficulty. The air the strollers outside breathed was, perhaps, Vancouver's most precious commodity, and a free one. What those inside the auditorium (a typical example of late Balaban and Katz) breathed and re-breathed was soggy with the day's heat, and exhausted by an audience which had attended the afternoon's dedication ceremonies. Vancouver has a civic auditorium abuilding and it may be ready for the 1959 festival. But it is improbable, even so, that much sea air, spiced with the salt of the Pacific, will get in on it. The conviction seems settled that art and enjoyment are mutually exclusive, at least where creature comforts are concerned.

Fortunately, the trim-looking, vigorous Walter was the least discommoded person in the gathering of 2,500. In applying his prestige and artistry to the testing and the countdown, Walter gave this festival a lift it could hardly have acquired from any other living musician. What happened wouldn't have been half so worthwhile, the prospect of what is to come a tenth as promising without this reminder that, where a great musician takes his stand, great music can be the outcome.

"Can" rather than "must" is the necessary qualification relative to the quality of the Vancouver Orchestra which, even as augmented by some out-of-town specialists, is well below top quality. No orchestra could sound really well in such surroundings (there was a kind of shell, but it didn't help much), and as hard as it tried to give Walter what he wanted in the "Euryanthe" overture this was dutiful rather than galvanic Weber. By a superior show of persuasion, Walter shaped the Schubert "Unfinished" to a recognizable likeness of itself, helped especially by some superior woodwind playing. Tenderness and nobility, plus a melting warmth—the hall helped some in this respect—made it Walter's own kind of Schubert, of which there are few better.

However, it was in the "Alto Rhapsody" of Brahms that the conductor's real self permeated his personnel, body and soul, and made it an extension of his own profound penetration into the spirit of Brahms. It is always instructive to watch a master work under such circumstances, concentrating on essentials, letting what is obvious go of its own accord (prompted, of course, by hard work in rehearsals), smoothing the rough spots, helping the choirs that need it. Maureen Forrester's spacious mezzo made a shining acoustical experience of the solo voice part, though her sense of the German word values is incomplete and her concentration more on a bright exterior sound than on a glowing inner mood.

But, in her strengths and weakness, Miss Forrester (who was "discovered" by this same Walter several years ago during a visit to Montreal) typifies what is best and most hopeful about the Vancouver Festival in this early stage of development. This is the concentration (in the musical sphere, at least) on such other valid Canadian talents as Glenn Gould, Lois Marshall, Jon Vickers, Leopold Simoneau, Pierrette Alarie, and Milla Andrew. The localities look upon George London in the same way (he was born in Montreal, reared in Los Angeles), but that is one talent we must reserve for ourselves. Like the others, Miss Forrester shares with the venture itself the blessings of youth and a hope for bright tomorrows: when it celebrates its tenth anniversary, all should be very much in the prime of their careers, growing with it to positions of world eminence (already, attained, of course, by Simoneau and Alarie). No young musician in the broad reaches of Canada could ask more than the honor of following them to the Vancouver Festival.

Let us hope, however, that it will be in circumstances when extra-musical considerations do not matter as much as they do at present. The audience which bore the discomfort of the Orpheum Theatre in good spirit (if with some violent fluttering of programs) may reckon that pleasure to the spirit must be accompanied by discomfort to the body. But this is not true in Tanglewood, or Aspen, or in Aix-en-Provence, none of which is more blessed by nature than this water-girt metropolis with its backdrop of woods and mountains.

An afternoon's tour of the farflung waterfront shows half a dozen places —whether Stanley Park, Grey's Point, or West Vancouver—where the most exhilarating kind of air-conditioning, nature's own, exists, given the will to use it. It seems a singular perversity to deny such pleasure to the visitor, if not the resident. It would vastly augment the attractions of the Vancouver Festival were it to be, in truth, an expression of its surroundings, rather than merely the kind of hothouse growth one finds in Edinburgh's King's Theatre, for want of attractive alternative.

FOUR years of planning and nearly $400,000 (the Canadian kind, which flex stronger muscles than the puny American ones) have gone into bringing this first Vancouver Festival to the point of its first public concert. The planning and the money have provided for a generous and varied program in which, additional to the solo appearances of the artists named above, there will be a Guenther Rennert-staged "Don Giovanni," an original folk play by Lister Sinclair, and such other diversions as jazz concerts, the mime-art of Marcel Marceau, even the North American premiere of Vaughan Williams's Ninth Symphony, directed by William Steinberg.

Necessarily, the primary attention of artistic director Nicholas Goldschmidt and administrative director Peter Bennett has been on what and how. It is time now also so consider where. We would all breathe easier, and better, if we knew that the Vancouver Festival would sink deep roots into the same soil which has fed the century old trees in Stanley Park, to grow as straight, tall, and durable.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Muy Flamenco

MADRID.

SEVILLE is Spain in a poster and is much frowned upon by Spain's intellectual journalists who, were they living in the United States, would feel constrained to abhor tourists, television, and Schraffts. "Where do you send Americans?" asked an intense columnist known as Del Arco, who works for *La Vanguardia Española*. "Seville, Granada, Madrid, and Majorca, I suppose. They must not think that this is really Spain. To get the idea of the true Spain you should send them to . . ." and he mentioned an obscure village deep in the Pyrenees. How one would get there and where one would stay and how someone not speaking Spanish could make his wants known went unexplained. I am out of sorts with this pseudo-intellectualism which insists you must not enjoy the obvious, for God's sake, or you are an unthinking bum. Besides, I enjoy Seville and so will other Americans. There are narrow alleys and white walls and grilled windows and leafy courtyards, none of which is Williamsburg served on the half shell. People live behind the windows and walk through their open-air foyers on their way upstairs. They even sit on the tiled benches in the incredible squares under the surveillance of park guards in broad-brimmed hats and wide looping shoulder belts handed down from another age.

The old men who lounge in front of their clubs or casinos on the Sierpes are not imported from Central Casting, and I suspect they would resent greatly the notion that they were not considered really Spanish. As for the Sierpes, the street of the snake, it is closed to all except pedestrians and on hot summer days white canvas awnings are stretched across the rooftops on wire runners to shield the strollers from the southern Spanish sun. Spain's biggest export, castanets, are piled in the shop windows, but there are those for tourists, the small *palillos*, and also *granadinas*, which are solely for artists.

There is an American base outside Seville and many apartments are inhabited now by American families. Doubtless the presence of so many Americans in town has encouraged a hurdy-gurdy team to station itself in front of a ceramics works, which is always a prime stop on the local guide's tour. The player and his hat-passer doze on the old wooden box all day, springing to wakefulness only as cars pull up to disgorge tourists.

Most tourists eat at their hotels, but if hunger gnaws there are peddlers on summer days who linger around the entrance to the restaurant in María Luisa park carrying a basketload of shrimp, lobsters, clams, and crabs fetched from the nearby sea just fifty miles down the Guadalquivir River. Trolleys swirl by, so narrow they look as if they had been sideswiped, so small for the city's needs they drag along an open, motorless auxiliary car behind. And dogging the mechanized ways of the new world come the donkeys with their canvas saddle bags, down from the nearby village of Alcala de los Panaderos, which makes wonderful bread and exports it to Seville by burro.

One night before flying off to Madrid I sat in the arena called Cortijo el Guajiro and had a long talk with one who is called Rafael La Fuente, Rafael the Fountain. He is a small man with sensitive features, as they say in the novels, and he speaks impeccable English. He was married once to a gypsy and lived among them and thereby learned much about flamenco, a passion with him. The arena of Guajiro displays the talents of the local flamencos, those who are not off in strange lands banging heels with Jose Greco or somebody. And while the girls surveyed their armpits and stamped hell out of the floor, and the boys sang strange wails not unakin to the supplications of cantors in synagogues, La Fuente gushed in a steady flow. He said good flamenco dancers must be a little heavy, "but not a lorry." He said that if a dancer "floats like a feather," that's good in ballet but not in flamenco. "Aside from the mere dancing of it, flamenco, he explained, "is a culture, a philosophy, an unconscious philosophy. There are the social problems to consider, the attitudes toward love, toward money, toward God. We say, 'He's a flamenco,' and we mean he is generous, brave, open, he doesn't care about money. These are qualities to be admired."

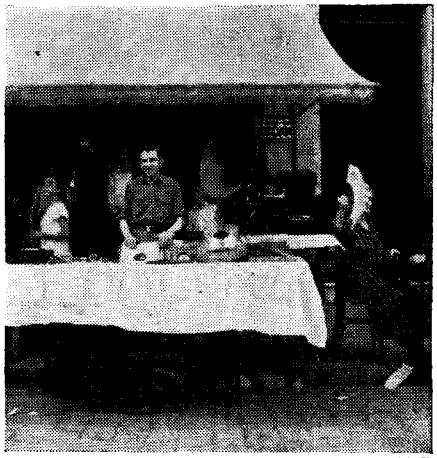
Rafael said he had lectured on the subject to some Americans at the air base only the other day, and although I suspect we were getting the benefit of a ringside reprise, I encouraged him to continue. There is evidence, he said, to show that flamencos have been stamping their heels for thirty centuries. Vases have been found emblazoned with figures of Roman dancers with their arms in the very position that flamenco dancers hold today. It is known that Rome imported its best dancers from Cadiz, just down the road. Doubtless the gypsies have had a marked influence on the flamenco and it is they who carry it on today, but gypsies did not arrive in Europe until the fifteenth century.

The Fuente theory holds that Spanish soldiers home from the long occupation of the lowlands in the sixteenth century had trouble readjusting themselves to civilian life. Many of them became outlaws, joining the gypsies and killing for kicks and respecting only women. Because of their long associations with Holland and Belgium they became known as flamencos, people of Flanders. In the jails, the brothels, and the galley ships, where they frequently were to be found, flamenco songs and dances flourished. But the music and the words were a combination of folk songs sung for centuries in the mountain areas of the South, the repertory of gypsies who sang for pennies. Many of their songs had been learned from Moors and Jews who stayed in Spain even after the expulsion laws and hid in the hills with the gypsies. The music never emerged from the jails, the brothels, and the ghettos until nearly a century ago. Spanish composers began then to incorporate its rhythms in their works and so did Rimsky-Korsakov and Ravel. But the lyrics of the true flamenco verses stayed poignant as ever and are still sung today, such as:

I wish you bad "serrana"
a hard punishment:
to sleep with another man
and dream of me

and that gem of ablution by contession:

After a night of spree
I have come to purify myself



—*H.S.*

Seville—"dogging the mechanized ways of the new world."

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Under your window
As if it were an altar

The strange verses and Fuente's words were still ringing in my head the next morning as I stumbled around the Seville airport looking for the waiting room. A stout man with a bald head and a huge smile, carrying pages ripped out of a Spanish phrasebook, said, "You look plane? You sit in waiting room there. I look plane." Everytime he said "look" he touched his eye. We found the waiting room and after a few moments the fat gentleman found us. He gave me his card which announced that he was Antonio Fernandez de la Torre, manager of the Transoceanic Airport of San Pablo of Seville. "Many friends U.S. Army," said Don Antonio, glancing now and then at the pages of the phrasebook which were sealed in a celluloid wrapper. "Everybody know Don Antonio. You come look," he said touching his eye. We followed him through the waiting room. He walked us down a back corridor, pulled back a curtain and said, "Here." It was his bedroom. An unmade bed lay in the corner. But the rest of the room was occupied by a cello and a music stand, which held not only music but photographs in clear plastic containers of Don Antonio as a handsome young boy. He turned on the overhead light that was shielded by a homemade paper shade, sat down at the cello, and sawed a few bars. The deep music filled the room to the mouldings. As he played I glanced at the torn page from the phrasebook which he had laid on the music rack in front of the cello. "Why are you not working?" It said in English. "Because I feeling tired," came the firm answer underneath.

"Friends of you come," said Don Antonio at the door of the plane. "I look after." He touched his eye for the last time and we delivered ourselves into the hands of Iberia, the Spanish line which on some of its domestic routes is still flying without cabin attendants. Had she been there, a hostess would have been busy, for we were full of children and the children were full of breakfast and the plane rocked its way to Madrid like a rowboat in a monsoon.

But the rigors of travel, like childbirth, are forgotten by the comforts of arriving well, and this we did at Madrid's mammoth Palace Hotel, which is operated by one of Europe's famous hotel men, Don Alfonso Font. Don Alfonso, unlike Don Antonio, needs no page from a phrasebook to help his English, although it is true that he cannot play the cello. With 525 rooms, all with baths, it is still technically not the largest hotel in Europe, but Don Alfonso likes to call it the largest Palace. Although it was built in 1911, it is very much in vogue for, as Don Alfonso explains, it was fashioned in trapeze shape way back then and besides, even at that early date, the builders were farsighted enough to provide baths for all the rooms and to provide a location, across the street from the Prado, which even today is the heart of Madrid. Three out of five rooms have been modernized during the last ten years and the whole house—the rates run about $12 a day for a double room, $2 for lunch or dinner—is always half full of Spaniards.

That ratio, which I think is important to any traveler, was hardly in evidence that night at Zambra Tablado de Flamenco, Madrid's famous flamenco cabaret. Zambra, as a folder on the table explained, "was created with the sole aim of enabling Spaniards to see and hear the pure unspoilt folk-art of Andalusia." However, if there was a Spanish customer in the house I am Alfonso XIII, which is highly unlikely. Nor am I convinced that a Spaniard would pay the prices which, at eight dollars for two, one drink apiece, ranked up with the dens of New York. Nonetheless, Zambra does give travelers pausing in Madrid a comfortable opportunity to look at flamenco and to listen. The stage is made for intimate presentations before a small audience, and you will do well to book a table. The brochure on the table will be an aid to anyone who has not been oriented with a Fuente lecture and describes well the differences between flamenco songs and why some are profound, some are tragic, and others are cheerful; and that *cantaores* sing the "cante grande" or "deep song," and jaleadores clap the rhythm or "son" and also *olé* to indicate that the *cantaore* is really sending him.

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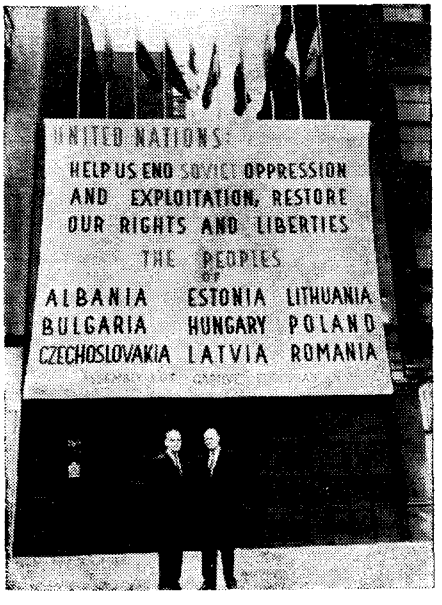
of the ruder elements of "cante grande," with its awful wailings and its indications that a terrible outrage has been perpetrated on the *cantaore* is not at all useless when one visits the Rastro, Madrid's Flea Market. One hilly street is lined with wonderful antique shops, many of them tucked away in alcoves, alleys and galleries strewn with old statuary, copper cauldrons and bowers of flowering geraniums. Old wormeaten carved angels complete with worms, cracked billiard balls, medals from old campaigns, copper and brass braziers, swords, belts, and an irresistible statue in white something or other that was the old White Rock girl incarnate are all on sale in the Rastro. One is not expected, of course, to pay the asking price. The exchange starts when the tourist points to an object and says the only necessary word, "Pray—thee—o?" This means "*precio*" or price. The stallkeeper then takes a piece of paper and writes the figure. That's where the "cante grande" comes in. A good bargainer will glance at the pencilled figure and emit an awful wail followed by two or three groans, whereupon he takes the paper and pencils in a figure which is half the asking price. The antique dealer, firing a string of mild epithets, then takes the paper and scribbles a compromise figure.

I am not at all sure why I need a cracked billiard ball, an old Spanish campaign ribbon, and a copper brazier in a New York apartment, but I grew so proficient as a wailing *cantaore* there in the Rastro that once or twice I could have sworn that some Madrileños lolling in the corner of the shop were about to break into the clap of the "son" and shout *olé*.

—Horace Sutton.



Author Daniel (left) with sign across from the U.N. building.

THE DEFEATED

Soviet "Salami-Slicing"

"The Ordeal of the Captive Nations," by Hawthorne Daniel *(Doubleday. 316 pp. $4.50), describes the trials and tribulations of Russia's Europe. Our reviewer, Emil Lengyel, professor at New York University, wrote "1,000 Years of Hungary," and other books about Eastern Europe.*

By Emil Lengyel

HAWTHORNE DANIEL is the author and co-author of books on such widely varied subjects as geopolitics, logistics, islands of the East and West, ships, and the seven seas. He has also written a few juveniles and some adult fiction, "The Householder's Complete Handbook," and a biography of Judge Harold R. Medina, who contributed the introduction to the present volume. Relevant to "The Ordeal of the Captive Nations" is the volume Mr. Daniel wrote in collaboration with Captain Jan Cwiklinski, "The Captain Leaves His Ship," telling the story of how the skipper of the Soviet-owned Polish ocean-liner *Batory* escaped from Communism some years ago. Captain Cwiklinski subsequently obtained the command of *Wilna Polska* ("Free Poland"), a 10,000-ton former Liberty ship, operated by Polish Americans and manned by an anti-Communist Polish crew. In this vessel Mr. Daniel made two crossings, during the course of which crew members told him about their experiences in Communist-dominated Poland. Their narrative prompted the author to write up the much greater story of satellite countries, captive East-Central Europe.

This book deals with the ordeal to which the broad belt of nations between the Baltic and the Aegean seas has been subjected. Mr. Daniel characterizes these countries as "eastern outposts of the West." That is correct, of course, from a cultural point of view. Who could have been more assertively Western-minded, for instance, than the educated Rumanians in prewar times? However, it was the "East," in the form of the Soviet armies, that swept into the region in World War II. Since then the Soviets have shaped this area into their armed force *glacis*, which seems to mean as much to them as Canada means to us. These nations are to them "western outposts of the East," and that is precisely where the trouble begins.

Mr. Daniel presents the record of how the Soviets pushed into this region and have been attempting to dig in their heels ever since. They did this mainly by constructing so-called "patriotic" and "national front" governments, from which they removed all nationalism and patriotism.

The heartland of the area, comprising Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, engages the author's principal attention. First, he shows, by way of background information, how these nations were overwhelmed by the Nazis on the battlefield and through diplomatic gangsterism. Then he shows how the Nazis' defeat enabled the Soviets to rush into this region and engulf it. Hungary's leading Stalinist, Mátyás Rákosi, described the Communist technique as "salami slicing"—cutting up the opposition into manageable slices.

MR. DANIEL pays but marginal attention to the fates of the Baltic countries, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, which the Soviets have incorporated into their Union, so that today they form three of the fifteen component republics of the USSR. The author also briefly describes the ordeal of Rumania, but he evidences only peripheral interest in a Balkans coreland, Bulgaria.

The story of the Soviet-ruled "German Democratic Republic" is not included in this volume, an omission which is hard to justify, since its problem appears to be of such overriding importance that ultimately the fate of the entire region may be decided there. Also, the author bypasses Albania, another captive country, possibly because of the paucity of information about it.

Even more puzzling is the fact that the records presented by the author end with 1948 in the cases of the Czechs and Rumanians, and in 1956 regarding the Poles and Hungarians. It is precisely the recent and hitherto little-known developments that might have lent value to this book. There seems to be little point in retelling a well-known tale, especially since the telling has been done by as competent a man as Hugh Seton-Watson in "The East European Revolution"—which is not even mentioned in Mr. Daniel's bibliography.

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Perils of "Prussianism"

"The March of Conquest: Wehrmacht in Third Reich," by Telford Taylor *(Simon & Schuster. 460 pp. $7.50), is a penetrating study of the German campaigns of 1940 by the chief counsel for the prosecution at the War Crimes Trial in Nuernberg. Reviewer Schultz was for many years a correspondent in Germany.*

By Sigrid Schultz

WITH the lucidity and forcefulness of a man who had exceptional opportunities to get at the truth and made superb use of them, General Telford Taylor, in his newest book, "The March of Conquest," relates the breath-taking German campaigns of 1940, conveying revelations that are of vital importance to us at a time when our military experts are discussing changes in the American chain of command..

In that fateful year of 1940 Germany emerged as the "dominant nation-in-arms," only to fail ultimately because, as Mr. Taylor shows, "In the uppermost range of strategy the Germans' record was abysmal."

As chief counsel for the prosecution at the War Crimes Trial in Nuernberg, he questioned Hitler's field marshals, generals, admirals, ministers, officials, and Nazi chieftains. They had no chance to foist their postwar theories on him because he checked and counterchecked their claims with the documents which our soldiers unearthed in caches all over Germany.

The evidence they provided proved most annoying to the ex-leaders bent on blaming their late fuehrer for everything that went wrong. Even General Franz Halder, who had boasted to me, after the Battle of Poland, that Hitler was a military genius, joined in the sport only to find his style cramped by his own diaries.

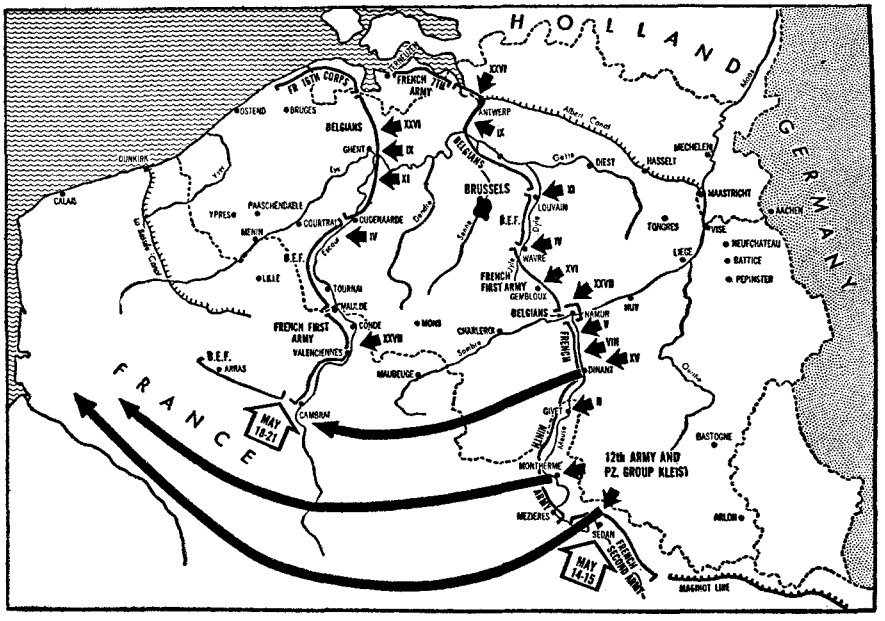
Mr. Taylor pays enthusiastic tribute to German military planning, which was at once imaginative and meticulous, both spirited and precise, but he warns, "In the United States, ever since the Franco-Prussian war, the German military system has attracted admiration and emulation in military circles. Yet, the collapse of German military professionalism under the pressures of Nazism and the generals' failure to grasp the strategic problems that Germany confronted in 1940, bespeak grave deficiencies in German military practice."

German forces were under the much-vaunted unified command system, but interservice feuds, personal rivalries, the "purblind occupation policies" affected the final outcome of the war. While locked in battle with his generals about the timing of the assault on the West, Hitler allowed the Navy chiefs to induce him to agree to the invasion of neutral Denmark and Norway. It gave the Germans the expected victory, but the German Navy suffered losses that proved fatal when it tried to prepare the crucial invasion of England.

Germany's armies conquered nearly all of the old Continent but their leaders failed to realize that systematic despoliation, terror, and forced labor endangered their rule. The peoples of Europe were alerted to the real German menace after the S.S. murderers were followed to Poland by German industry leaders bent on sharing the loot. Mr. Taylor writes, "The notion, oft-repeated since the end of the war that generals knew little of these things, is sheer myth," and he cites ample evidence to prove it. .

According to another myth, which is even being taught in West German schools, Hitler attacked Russia solely to smash Communism. In reality he told his generals in July, 1940, after the Battle of France, that Germany must destroy Russia for two reasons: first, to make it impossible for Britain to win her as an ally; second, because her destruction would eliminate the United States as a potential ally of Britain. These weird reasons, which most generals accepted, certainly had nothing to do with "smashing Communism."

Switching his searchlight from headquarters to battlefields, from Army and Navy to Luftwaffe, Mr. Taylor displays a fairness and soundness of judgment that make "The March of Conquest" the most truthful and valuable book that has appeared to date about the German side of the struggle of 1940.



—*Illustrations from the book.*

THE BATTLE OF FRANCE: With the spring of 1940 the French and British prepared to repulse the classic Schlieffen wheeling-assault through Holland and Belgium around the pivot of Sedan. Unfortunately for the Allies, they had no sooner fully committed themselves to this concept when a massive armored drive through the mountain-and-forest region of the Ardennes surprised their right flank and rolled them up against the sea. The credit for this strategic masterpiece, which doomed the French and forced the British to risk the perilous evacuation at Dunkirk, belongs chiefly to the commander of German Army Group A, Gerd von Rundstedt, and his chief of staff, Erich von Manstein, two of the finest field-generals of World War II.

Rundstedt.

Manstein.

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The Westernization of Judaism

"The Course of Modern Jewish History," by Howard M. Sachar *(World. 617 pp. $6), is a secular history of the Jews from medieval times to the present day. Arthur A. Cohen, who is the author of "Martin Buber," assesses the study below.*

By Arthur A. Cohen

THE writing of popular history differs from the writing of scholarly history in few significant respects. The primary mark of the popular history is that it is concerned with communicating with the widest possible audience. It will exhibit learning and detail information—not to titillate scholars—but to enhance the narrative, intensify its dramatic vitality, articulate its viewpoint more effectively. The role of popular history is, above all, to clarify a viewpoint.

Howard M. Sachar's "The Course of Modern Jewish History" exhibits the strengths of popular history: it is vivid, intense, comprehensive. Its viewpoint is clear. It is a viewpoint which I do not share; nevertheless it is one with which students of Jewish history must reckon.

Dr. Sachar has written an enormously stimulating and suggestive secular history of the Jews. It is pertinent to apostrophize that this is a history of Jews, not of Judaism. Apparently the author accepts the view, recently proposed by an Israeli government official, that anyone is a Jew who considers himself such. As a working definition it has its value, for indubitably anyone who is "fool" enough to call himself a Jew when he is not deserves to be considered a Jew (at least by Jews); moreover if he calls himself a Jew and has nothing more than the secular history of Jews with which to identify, his folly would be compounded by madness. Yet having dispensed with Talmudism as "hair-splitting" and Hasidism as a species of ecstatic obscurantism, the intellectual history of the Jews turns for Dr. Sachar upon the axes of Westernization and emancipation. The tension of Jewish history becomes the maintenance of corporate identity while achieving, at the same time, the riches of social, political, and intellectual liberation.

As Dr. Sachar has discerned, the secularization of Judaism proceeded in response to a series of pressures mobilized by Western society. The Westernization of Judaism, the attrition of Jewish religious piety, was a response to the positive attractions of the non-Jewish world. The world was, however, as Dr. Sachar movingly narrates, unwilling to accept with grace the desire of Jews to join it. Reaction, political corruption, poverty, the militancy of fanatic and self-righteous faiths (both religious and political) made certain to conceive Jewish eminence as a threat or Jewish communality as tribalism. It did not matter to the West what the Jews did, for the litany of anti-Semitism could always construe history to their detriment.

The Jewish phoenix has risen from its ashes. From amid the myriad destructions of the modern world (between Kishinev and Hitler there were the Petlurists, Pilsudski, General Denikin, *et al.*) has come the renascence of Jewish life in America and Israel.

One cannot but share the enthusiasm, the pride, and satisfaction with which Dr. Sachar recounts the emergence of Jewry from medieval obscurity to its modern zenith. One wonders, however, if what the world beholds presently in American Jewry is really liable to pre-empt from medieval Spain, as Dr. Sachar suggests, "the title of 'Golden Age.'" I would willingly grant that the accomplishments of American Jewry and Israel are befitting the pride of human beings whose horizons are contained by the satisfaction of their humanity. But this is to my view the limitation of secular history. The Jews are more than phenomena of secular history, pressing forward to growth and progress. They are a people who, by now, should have learned to mistrust history.

I wish that I could share Howard Sachar's optimism about the course and unfolding of history. One would wish his optimism well, but precisely what a theology of history would teach is what secular history cannot learn: that "it is better to take refuge in the Lord, than to trust in man." (Psalm 118: 8)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"A MINT OF PHRASES IN HIS BRAIN"

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, offers ten quotations from Shakespeare's plays, each having a blank space to be filled in with an expression of three words or more which we use in our daily conversation. Vacancies are filled on page 40.

1. "True is it that .....
   And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church."
2. "This is a way .....
   And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour."
3. "I have been ..... since I saw you last that,
   I fear me, will never out of my bones."
4. "Are you content to be our general?
   To .....
   And live, as we do, in this wilderness?"
5. "What though ..... thou hast
   mettle enough in thee to kill care."
6. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
   Myself ..... do seem to be."
7. "If ye should lead her into ..... as they say,
   it were a very gross kind of behaviour."
8. "Yet do I fear thy nature;
   It is too full o' .....
   To catch the nearest way."
9. "But ..... and lovers cannot see
   The pretty follies that themselves commit."
10. "To ..... oft cures the worse."

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The Good Society

"Utopians at Bay," by Horace M. Kallen *(Theodore Herzl Foundation. 303 pp. $4), is a philosophic study of Zionist ideals and realities in the modern state of Israel. It is reviewed by Oscar Handlin, Harvard historian and author of "The Uprooted."*

By Oscar Handlin

HORACE KALLEN'S is probably the most thoughtful and most interesting of the recent books that have greeted the tenth anniversary of the state of Israel. It is a product of a long visit; but it is no simple travel account. That it is written with philosophic depth rather than with journalistic fluency adds to its value.

Kallen is a Zionist, but of a rather special sort. He was drawn to the movement for the restoration of a Jewish national homeland by no narrow nationalism but rather by a broad democratic vision, rooted in American sources. A student and associate of William James and John Dewey, he inherited a tradition of humanitarian liberalism; and on its basis developed a conception of a pluralistic society emphasizing cultural freedom and individualism. Zionism, for him, was to develop the setting for a great experiment that would test the validity of his ideas.

The utopians of this volume are, in the first instance, those who brought to the Holy Land ideals like his own. More generally the designation comprehends almost everyone in Israel, for almost all are there in pursuit of their own vision of the good society. They are at bay because the intractable realities of settlement have thus far frustrated the realization of their dreams.

Made up largely of recent immigrants, Israel faces imposing problems of assimilating and absorbing a variety of ethnic groups culturally remote from one another. Kallen recognizes beneath the easy slogans of those who speak of the "peoplehood" of the Jews the genuine difficulties that arise from the contact of men of dissimilar cultures. In the same way, he understands that the Arab citizens of Israel and the refugees on its borders present a challenge to the ideals of justice inherent in his own Zionism. So, too, the ties between religion and the state, the influence of the military, and the limited facilities for education reveal the extent to which practical limitations have prevented the implementation of the original ideals of the founders.

Yet Kallen remains an indomitable optimist. He proposes no panaceas. But he has faith that a way will be found. Writing of church-state relationships, for instance, he expresses the hope that the various cults will be "freed, diversified, and orchestrated within a Jewish culture." He recognizes that "dissonances and discords will be many; some even violent and bloody." He cannot therefore "end this analysis by declaring that out of them the complete separation of church and state must come." But he can "say with assurance that while a bet on such separation is not a bet on a sure thing, it is a good bet . . . a very good bet."

That faith may be less the product of what Kallen saw in Israel than of what he brought to it from America. But it is none the less significant and it animates his book.

CELEBRATED LAND: To the many greetings marking Israel's tenth birthday, Ruth Gruber, whose byline has long been associated with that country, has added an enthusiastic one of her own. **"Israel Today"** (Hill & Wang, $3.95) is a lively, humorous and frankly partisan report on a variety of subjects, but mostly about new beginnings in an old land.

Appropriate to the occasion of its publication, the book opens with an interview with David Ben-Gurion during the fighting of 1948, from which chaos dedicated men and women created a nation out of what seemed an insane dream. "You don't have to be crazy to believe in Israel," someone said, "but it helps." In the last pages, Ben-Gurion's prophesies for reclaiming a people and building a land are again discussed with him, this time ten years later and with a note of fulfillment. The chapters in between tell of some of the events of recent history—the airlift called Operation Magic Carpet, which transported the Jewish community of the Yemen, the latest immigration from Poland and Russia, the opening of the desert from Beersheba to Elath. One of the most interesting sections is on the obscure North African Jews of Djerba and the story of how they were transplanted from their ancient past to newly found cities and villages. There is also a funny chapter called "Hebrew as She Is Spoke," which describes what happens to a language when it comes in contact with the slang of other tongues.

When Miss Gruber writes of the military campaigns and of the bordering Arab countries, it is with uncritical partisanship and with a certain lack of perspective. And though her book is something of a primer, it will prove a readable introduction to Israel. —J. W.

Fiction

Continued from page 12

turf fire going in the grate, and a good story to be told. It is the brew, mind you, that causes all the trouble. What would the Irish do without it?

Tom Magee is the assistant stationmaster at Rockcross when his wife dies and forces upon him the choice that has haunted his life for a long time. Should he put in for the station at Monabeg, his birthplace, and spend his remaining days in the sweet land of his youth? Tom's three daughters are grown up, and two of them are married, albeit to a rather shiftless lot of husbands. His son, Christy, is about to be ordained a priest. This kind and thoughtful father has come to a turning point and after much soul searching he goes back to Monabeg. Alice, his youngest daughter, will keep house for him.

"THE Choice," as you might suspect, is the story of Tom Magee's disenchantment and, eventually, his defeat as a man of faith and gentleness by the rooted prejudices of country people. An old friend, Jim O'Hara, invites him home after church one Sunday for a bit of poteen (moonshine would be the American equivalent) and shortly thereafter O'Hara's place is raided by the police. By coincidence, Alice Magee has become engaged to one of the officers in the raiding party and the deduction is made that Tom has turned informer.

An aroused community turns against him. His windows are stoned, he is shunned, his fishing boat is destroyed. Now he faces the second choice in his career, whether to see it through or leave Monabeg. The decision to stay—although ultimately he is vindicated—costs him dearly. Mr. McLaverty, in this astringent study of pettiness versus human dignity, offers his readers scant consolation. Ireland, if it is a land of primitive beauty, can also be primitively cruel.

As a picture of middle-class Irish family life, this is a fairly staple product; perhaps because life in Ireland has changed so little, novelists find themselves repeating a familiar pattern. Nevertheless, the author is to be commended for giving it to us straight off. His people are flesh and blood. What is tragic about them is that they are victims of a code of loyalty that is as outmoded as clay pipes and wandering tinkers. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

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SR/Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXIX
Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Concerning a Rumor in August

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND THE NEAR EAST CRISIS

"TO RECOGNIZE that we are living in a period of rapid change means also to accept the fact that routines will be altered, some vested interests demoted and others enhanced in importance."

So Dr. Pendleton Herring, president of the Social Science Research Council, wrote in the pages of *SR*/Research for February 1958 in the course of an appeal for intensified studies "of the other cultures we must understand in order to remain free."

"Now, and during an indefinite span of years ahead . . . we . . . as a nation . . . will be called upon to make choices that call for a full appreciation of consequences," he went on. Further:

"We need a clear grasp of the interplay of social, economic, political and cultural forces . . . in the 'uncommitted' parts of the world. . . . We should know the real acceptability of our financial aid to foreign lands, and the impact of our informational agencies abroad. Are we fighting straw men instead of our real enemies? Have we misjudged the aspirations of our friends?"

In publishing these observations six months ago we reported that the Social Science Research Council among others had submitted to President Eisenhower candidates for nomination to the governing board of the National Science Foundation. The NSF has been responsible, since its creation by the U. S. Congress in 1950, for originating science policy for the country. The twenty-four members of its board cannot legally delegate these policy powers even to an executive committee of their own choosing. Consequently, the natural interests of the appointees carry enormous implications for the national welfare. Eight of the twenty-four were up for reappointment or replacement in May, and five or six of them should have been social scientists if the President intended to grant those research disciplines—anthropology, economics, political science, social psychology, sociology and social statistics—representation commensurate with the proportion of social scientists in America.

When the President named his new appointees, Dr. Herring and his fellow social scientists learned to their consternation that NSF board members concerned with the study of man had not been increased in number at all—they actually had been reduced from two to one in the total of twenty-four.

If the White House decision had gone the other way in May, might not the unfavorable reaction of some of our friends and potential friends to the Marine landing in July been more accurately anticipated and perhaps even been turned to constructive account in some form of native quarantine against the revolt that triggered the Marine action?

• • •

WHILE we are on the subject of neglect of science as a force in world affairs, we want to point out that although Dr. Wallace R. Brode was appointed Science Advisor to the State Department last January 13th, none of the Science Attaches he was supposed to place in our Embassies abroad are yet on the job.

• • •

THOUGH its appearance during the Near East crisis almost automatically dooms its effectiveness for the present, a study published late in July by an international team of fifty scientists may turn out to be a meaningful long-term influence. Its principal conclusion is that "workable systems of inspection can be designed to ensure compliance with international disarmament agreements." Which is not at all the same as saying that a disarmament pact between East and West is now politically feasible. But it is a way of telling the peoples of the world that if they really want peace they have a scientifically sound base on which to question the arrays of "practical" and "technical" objections raised against it.

The source of this challenging document is the Institute of War and Peace Studies at Columbia University. Put together in the last year and a half by research groups coordinated by Dr. Seymour Melman, associate professor of Industrial and Management Engineering on the Columbia faculty, it was published by the Columbia University Press as a public service. There is a general report supported by twenty-four specialized papers—all drawn from publicly available data in the open literature. Secret or otherwise classified information was eschewed on the grounds that the most conservative possible results would thus be obtained. Knowledge of new and secret devices could be expected to enhance rather than weaken known methods of detection of arms traffic.

Assuming at the outset that America's free traditions would logically put the initiative for disarmament in American hands, and that the success of any disarmament scheme would therefore rest first on conditions the American public would willingly accept, the Columbia study

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used the United States as a laboratory to test the reasonableness of arms inspection methods. Three teams of scientists, two Americans and one British, were assigned to think up devious evasions of inspection. Others then had to work out frustrations for these ingenuities.

Six general methods of inspection were evaluated: (1) aerial inspection against new arms factories or massing of troops; (2) statistical sampling of governmental budgets to detect secret diversion of funds required for armament buildup; (3) establishment of a ground station network to record tests of nuclear bombs. Here it was determined that "a minimum . . . of seven ground stations within the United States and twenty-five stations in the Soviet Union could carry out reliable control against attempts to test nuclear bombs with (the) explosive power . . . (of) a World War II blockbuster bomb." Equipped with radar, these same stations "could be used to control agreements on high altitude missile tests (and) . . . could also be the nucleus of a system of air traffic control;" (4) radiation inspection, in which the production of fissionable materials could be detected through the occurrence of certain types of illnesses, the use of certain protective devices, the demand for unconventional materials, the exceptionally high standards of machining; (5) the need of modern weapon development for scientific personnel, which could be seen by simple comparison of ratios between employment of engineers and other workers; (6) public support for inspection of disarmament. On this the report commented: "The experience of clandestine armament production in Weimar Germany and Palestine under the British Mandate . . . disclose the possibility of highly efficient . . . clandestine operations under the following conditions. A hard core group organizes evasion . . . with the backing of a large part of the population, or of a part of a government which shields the evaders from the inspectorate. The evasion is attempted in the name of an ideology to which the evasion group gives strong allegiance. . . . Because of the crucial role of public support . . . (in such) operations, an effort was made (by the Columbia study group) to determine the extent of public support for inspection for disarmament (at present). . . . An international (Gallup) poll . . . in the United States, England, France, Germany, India, and Japan disclosed large majorities . . . declaring support for disarmament agreements backed up by appropriate inspection systems."

"(Since) techniques for evasion . . . are likely to be applied . . . when government complicity fosters and is fostered by an 'evasion mentality' which gives social sanction to evasion . . . (and since) evasion would become more difficult as international tensions are reduced," the report urged "the earliest though even partial disarmament steps."

The inspection function, once agreed upon, would require the setting up of an international organization which "should include highly trained men in various technical fields who would have proper facilities and rights of access." The size of the inspection unit "would depend on the agreed scope of its activity." Here are the scientists' estimates of personnel for monitoring the United States: aerial inspection, 550-750; nuclear bomb testing, fifty; high altitude missile testing, 180; nuclear furnace control, 600-1500; fissionable materials plants, 300-2400.

• • •

THE Washington rumor factory once again is circulating the report that an American rocket will head for the Moon this month. If the story is true this time, we hope the rocket will be sent *around* the Moon rather than at it, because the story of life from the moment of its beginning in the cosmos may be written in the dust on the face of the Moon just as clearly as the later phases of evolution appear in the fossil-bearing sediments of the crust of the Earth.

The moondust scrolls were discussed in the issue of *Science* which members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science read during the July week that marked the 100th anniversary of the theory of evolution through natural selection.

The moondust is assumed by astronomers to be "of great antiquity," Professor Joshua Lederberg, chairman of the Department of Medical Genetics at the University of Wisconsin, and Dean B. Cowie, a member of the staff of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C., reported. They explained: "This dust is cosmic material captured by the Moon's gravitational field and presumably left undisturbed by atmospheric and biological alteration."

"For the biologist, the dust may furnish two striking opportunities," the two scientists declared, making public what they had said at a secret symposium in Washington in May on "Possible Uses of Earth Satellites in Life Science Experiments." The first possibility is "to assess the prebiotic synthesis of organic compounds;" the second is "to make an empirical test of cosmic dissemination of biospores."

To put the problem in its true perspective, it must be recalled that analysis of light from the stars indicates that the chemical elements existing on Earth are here in different proportions of abundance than they are elsewhere in the cosmos. Whereas carbon, nitrogen and oxygen make up three fourths of all the matter in the universe apart from hydrogen and helium, there is no nitrogen in Earth's crust and very little in the atmosphere, a relatively tiny amount of carbon and a small amount of oxygen. In brief, "the richness of organic complexity on our own planet was formed out of the mere dregs of cosmic distillation."

If man could get his hands on some of the dust that moves among the stars, he might put it in a testtube and work backwards along the chain of life to find his own beginnings. Interplanetary dust is the next best bet, but as soon as it nears Earth by way of asteroids and comets it is likely to mix with what we already know is in Earth's atmosphere and confuse the record. The dust on the Moon can tell us the story if we can sample it without contaminating it. Even a minor degree of pollution could ruin the account.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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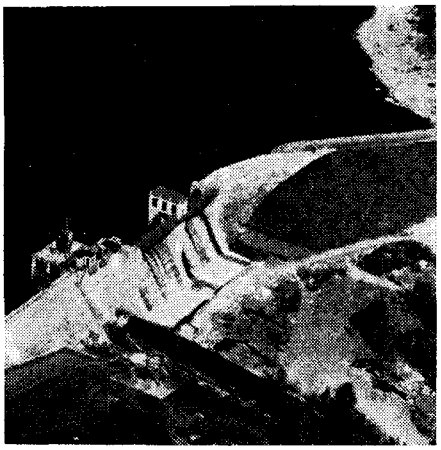

—Pennsylvania Power and Light Co.

Editor's Note: If English had been the natural tongue of American Indians who strode the Appalachian Trail along the mountain crests between what the later white men came to call Maine and Georgia, the name of Sparrowbush might easily have fallen on a bend in a stream at a point where the waters broadened into a major river. A roadsign that sang would belong to the poetry of those simple copper-skinned men. But whoever christened it, a village of Sparrowbush lies today in a valley below the Trail on a suddenly wide meander of the Delaware. It is here that the state of New York meets the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The houses of Sparrowbush straggle upstream with their 400-450 occupants, westward from the town of Port Jervis, New York, where 9,000 inhabitants live on the spendings of tourists seeking summer solace from the breezes that blow downhill off the Catskills and across the hundreds of cooling lakes to the river.

The pastoral pleasure of these hillbound folk is broken only when the wind rises into rage and incites the waters to flood. Into these interruptions steals a nervous apprehension of geography. The Delaware blocks all escape to the south, its tributary Neversink shuts off egress to the east, while a wall of water 400 miles long, 100 feet wide and twenty feet high hangs suspended forty-odd miles upriver behind the Wallenpaupack Dam (photo, left above) at Hawley, Pennsylvania.

The story below is set in one of those anxious times: two days after the end of the visitation of Hurricane Diane in the night of August 17-18, 1955. The Delaware had gone twenty feet above its normal level, pouring six feet deep through the riverfront streets of Port Jervis, driving all the lowland dwellers there from their homes. A state of emergency had been declared, the running of the town had been turned over to Civil Defense, volunteer firemen had come from miles around to pump out inundated cellars, and the receding waters were smearing mud across gardens and lawns, through the houses and over the furniture. It was not an altogether placid Saturday night.

CONCERNING A RUMOR IN AUGUST

An Imagined Threat that Put One-Third of a Town to Flight

By ELLIOTT R. DANZIG
PAUL W. THAYER
LILA R. GALANTER

AT ABOUT 10:30 o'clock on Saturday night, August 20, 1955 a stranger ran into a restaurant in Sparrowbush and told the owner (who is also a volunteer fireman) that the Wallenpaupack Dam had broken. The stranger added that firemen in a community up the river were evacuating everyone. The restaurant owner's telephone was out of commission because of the flood. He went with three other men to the highway outside and began to stop cars to warn them of the impending danger.

The second car he stopped was, fortuitously, that of the Sparrowbush Fire Captain, who went to the firehouse and radioed to the fire base in Port Jervis. When he announced, "Emergency—Stand by!" the air was cleared. All radios in the firehouse, in fire headquarters, and on the fire trucks were held open for the message. He then reported that he had been stopped on the road by firemen (one of whom was the restaurant owner) and had been told that the Wallenpaupack Dam had gone out.

In Port Jervis, the Fire Chief was in a fire truck in the flooded part of town pumping out a cellar when he heard this broadcast. He notified the radio operator at his own headquarters to ask for a repeat of the message and for identification of the sender. The Sparrowbush Fire Captain repeated the message and identified himself. The Port Jervis Fire Chief immediately told his radio operator to check with the Dam directly through the Middletown (N.Y.) fire base, which had a more powerful radio transmitter than the short-wave link between Sparrowbush and Port Jervis.

THE Port Jervis chief fire radio operator heard the original broadcast from Sparrowbush on a monitor set in the meantime and rushed to fire headquarters. When he arrived, he received a telephone call from a Port Jervis resident stating that one or more fire trucks which had received the Sparrowbush message were driving through town, sounding their sirens, and shouting to get out because the Dam had broken. He decided independently to broadcast to the fire trucks that he thought the report was false and that headquarters was checking on it. He also issued specific instructions to the errant fire trucks mentioned above: "You have been given no orders to do what you are doing. Cut it the hell out and get back

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—*Schular Photo—Union Gazette.*

A newsman's photograph of Port Jervis before the rumor struck.

to the firehouse." This was at about 11:15 p.m.

BY THIS time, the rumor had gained considerable momentum. Cars were in the streets, and people were clamoring for everyone to get out of town. Residents were waking their neighbors, and groups of people were descending on City Hall, firehouses, and other centers of communication in the city. Across the Delaware, in Matamoras (cut off from its usual traffic with Port Jervis by the flooded highway between) a carful of people who apparently had heard the rumor on the radio came through the main street shouting for everyone to get out. Someone who heard them ran to the firehouse and blew the fire siren before anyone there knew what was happening. To at least some of the people in Matamoras the siren meant impending flood, largely because officials had made an announcement to the effect during the flood which had just passed. A mass evacuation then took place in Matamoras, and the siren was heard in the riverfront section of Port Jervis. People who heard its scream joined others who had heard the Port Jervis fire trucks in telephoning the local (Erie) railroad station asking whether or not the report about the Dam was true.

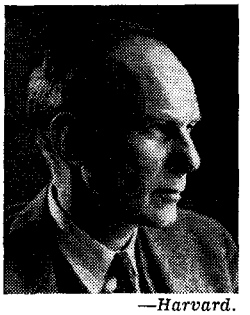
One of the two people on duty at the railroad station helped to spread the rumor by stating that it was true as far as he knew. The other (at another phone in another part of the station) referred the calls to the Police. This employee called the Police himself (as soon as he could get a line through) and received the report that the Police "had no knowledge of the Dam having broken and thought it was a rumor." The railroad man then conveyed this rather ambiguous message to all subsequent callers.

Other worried citizens mobbed the Civil Defense office asking for verification of the rumor and asking further what they should do. The people were generally aware of the approximate location of Wallenpaupack, but there was a good deal of disagreement among them as to how long it would take for waters to reach them if the Dam actually had broken.

The clamor of the people outside its doors was not a complete surprise to Civil Defense headquarters. The rumor had already been picked up there by a chance telephone call. Mrs. A, a Civil Defense official, had rung up a friend to talk about another matter. The friend said, "I can't talk to you because there is a sound truck outside telling us to evacuate because the Dam has broken. I'm packing to leave."

MRS. A had rung off that conversation and had gone to the shortwave radio in the room next to her office. There she met the chief radio operator and his assistant. The operators had just received a shortwave message from Police headquarters asking them to verify the report that "the Wallenpaupack Dam has broken."

Before this happened, the operators were in contact with a Port Jervis radio "ham" who had established a relay channel through which he could radio Wallenpaupack Dam authorities. From Wednesday to Saturday the "ham" had periodically radioed the latest news on the condition of the Dam to Civil Defense headquarters. But now he couldn't get through to the Dam. Instead, he radioed the U.S. Army a request to activate the Army's emergency shortwave radio network. "We're not sure," he said. "It may be only a rumor." He then telephoned Civil Defense and told them to try to reach the Dam through their own channels as he himself had been unsuccessful.



—*Harvard.*

Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn

IN DAYS WHEN HEADS OF GREAT NATIONS act impulsively in response to unexpected frights it is more than ever necessary to understand the mechanisms by which real and imagined threats are conveyed. The accompanying account of the consequences of a false rumor in the town of Port Jervis, New York, in August 1955 is a lightly edited version of a research report published by the National Academy of Sciences. The experiment took place under the aegis of the Academy's Division of Anthropology and Psychology, headed by Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn of Harvard University. The report's signers are those who actually directed the project but responsibility for choice of the subject rests with Dr. Harry T. Williams, technical director of the NAS Committee for Disaster Studies, who first read about the dam episode in the New York *Herald Tribune* at the time the incident occurred.

Since there is no unified theory of human behavior in such a situation, the scientists had to content themselves with simple description of what happened, as participants were willing to tell it a week after the event. What pattern there was in the brief panic can be summed in the following sentences. Most of those who fled started for high ground after hearing the rumor for the first time. The longer people waited the less likely they were to go. When it came to returning home, however, the first denial of the rumor had little effect; most people stayed away until the denial had been repeated three or four times. One conclusion seems safe: the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company, which operates the dam in question, suffered a serious break in its internal communications feed-back. For the dam was never in real danger. The water behind it had plenty of space because of a previous drought. Yet the people of Port Jervis and neighboring towns remained in fear of a disaster for a week.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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NATURAL HISTORY OF A RUMOR, told in comic strip style, runs chronologically at the right from the top of the page to the bottom. Elapsed time: 255 minutes.

Mrs. A asked the people outside Civil Defense headquarters to wait for verification of the rumor. She told them the report was being checked at that moment. She felt considerable compunction about this because she knew that if the report were true she was cutting down the time there would be to escape. But she looked at the map and estimated that the water would take two hours to reach Port Jervis.

At this point, one radio operator received a telephone call from Police headquarters saying that the Police had got through to the Dam. The rumor was definitely false.

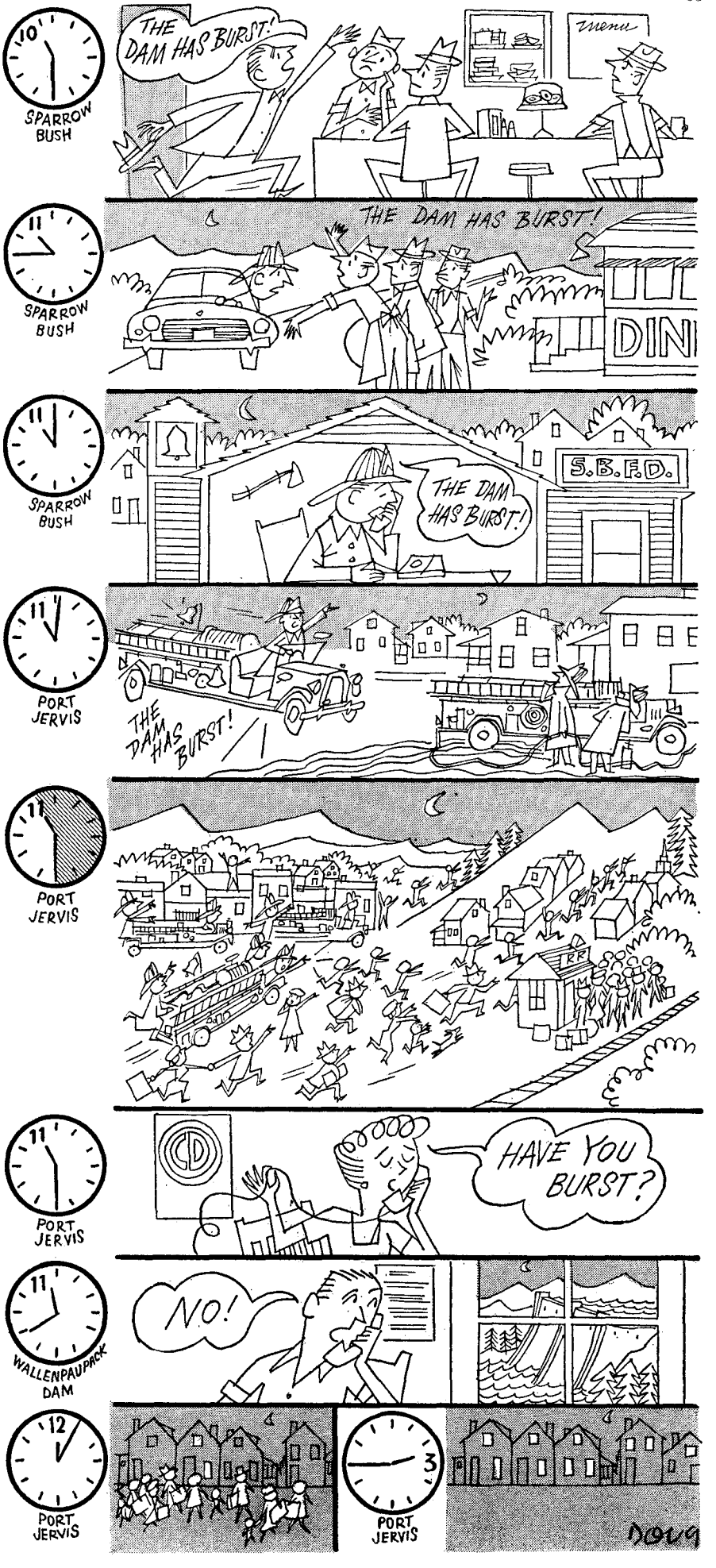
EIGHTY-FIVE minutes had passed since the stranger ran into the restaurant in Sparrowbush. In that interval, between 2,500 and 3,000 of Port Jervis's 9,000 inhabitants had fled.

Some had rushed directly from their beds into their automobiles wearing only their nightclothes and carrying nothing. Others had paused long enough to put a few personal belongings into small suitcases. Still others had gathered up families and sometimes neighbors, together packing their cars with food, blankets, and other necessities for camping in the open. All headed for high ground north and northwest of the town.

People rarely left town alone. One exception was a bartender who got the rumor from his wife by telephone; he handed his apron to his assistant and hurried out without a word of explanation or even a goodby. A town councilman fled with his wife, leaving behind a helpless elderly couple who roomed in their house. A woman who had been feuding with a neighbor for many years ran first to warn that neighbor and helped her to escape, forgetting all about her own mother, who lived in the same street.

THE frightened yelling that punctuated the exodus startled the wife of the Port Jervis Civil Defense director, who was soundly asleep at home after working day and night during the flood emergency. She wakened her husband. He dressed and drove to Civil Defense headquarters, there to find that the tumult had passed.

The Port Jervis Fire Chief, who had taken the first act to stem the rumor and so discourage the people from leaving home, was first to act to try to bring them back. It was actually he who received the first denial the town got from the Dam itself. It came in response to his inquiry through the Middletown fire radio. At the time this reassurance arrived he was still out on



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one of the fire trucks, still pumping water and mud from flooded cellars. Upon hearing the message that the rumor was false, he directed his radio operator to tell the people that the rumor was false.

The radio operator went into the street and broadcast the denial to the crowd in front of fire headquarters. Then he went back to the shortwave radio, called all the fire trucks, ordered them to turn up their loud speakers, and used the truck radios as a public address system. He continued to broadcast this denial until 12:20 a.m. at which time the populus seemed to have calmed down fairly well.

The Fire Chief himself took advantage of the quiescing period to head out of town to stop a convoy of fire equipment that was coming into Port Jervis from nearby towns and counties to assist in the flood cleanup. There was a tremendous jam of fleeing cars on the highways, in some cases two abreast on a two lane road, the Chief had been informed, and he wanted to stop the incoming fire truck convoy before it became hopelessly entangled.

WDLC, the radio station affiliated with the Port Jervis newspaper, *The Union Gazette*, had signed off for the night at 11 o'clock just before the rumor first came from Sparrowbush. Since many of the townspeople were thought to know and trust certain of the announcers, the Police Chief conveyed the denial of the rumor to them and suggested WDLC go back on the air. WDLC did resume broadcasting at 12:10 a.m., alternating record and organ music with a message carefully edited to eliminate all references to the Dam, to water, or to flood, lest someone might tune in only long enough to hear the word "Dam" and run.

"LADIES and Gentlemen," the announcers said, "It is only a rumor. It is NOT true. There is no need for anyone to be up in the mountains and high places. It would be best if you returned home and did not spread the rumor."

This message was repeated at intervals, the intervening time being filled by music, until 1:15 a. m. when the station broadcast a recorded four minute one way conversation with the Dam superintendent who said that everything in his charge was now in fine shape. In this same message he gave, without identifying it, the only logical explanation of the rumor's origin that anyone heard before or since. He reported that the gates of the Dam had been opened for a few minutes at 9:30 p.m. to relieve pressure from the impounded water. One hour later the rumor was loose.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXIX

TOMORROW'S MEASURING MAN: HE INVENTS DIMENSIONS

Dr. A. V. Astin, Chief of the U.S. Bureau of Standards,

Dreams Up New Instruments for a New World

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SUPPOSE you were to read in your daily newspaper that Dr. A. V. Astin, chief of the U.S. Bureau of Standards, had appeared before a committee of the Congress and had asked when he would be given enough money to measure tomorrow.

Would you think that the time had come for Dr. Astin to take a good long rest?

The answer is important because Dr. Astin actually has appeared at not one but many Congressional committee hearings and has asked exactly that question. The fact that he has not yet received a definitive reply may indicate either that the Congressmen do not understand how much he has been saying or that the Congressmen's constituents do not realize the decisive influence accurate measurement will have in deciding what tomorrow may be like and who will occupy the comfortable seats.

Though most of us remember it only when the history books remind us, human society always has been governed by measurements, beginning with calendars to chronicle the seasons of planting and harvest. Clocks were invented after men got bored waiting for next Saturday night. The writers of the American Constitution were scrupulous to provide for a census to calibrate political forces, and for a system of standard weights and measures to keep everyday business going. The assembly line that made the modern machine age possible would never work without interchangeable parts, which by definition must be standard and hence precisely measured. Whole factories would be thrown into confusion if the threads on screws differed as much as a tiny fraction of an inch. Imagine how uncomfortable your living room at home would be if every lamp marked 100 watts threw a noticeably different amount of light!

The measurement of tomorrow will be an infinitely more exacting task than the measurement of today if for no other reason than the fact that tomorrow will have an extra dimension—the space beyond Earth's atmosphere. Instruments will have to precede man into space in order to guarantee that he can survive there. And it is pointless to send out the instruments until they are known to be capable of measuring the strange new environment theory warns science to expect to find. Even the air en route will change its characteristics as travelers traverse it. Temperatures will range in thousands of degrees Centigrade, far above the highest points that present-day thermometers in this country can register. The finest instrument now known to Dr. Astin records accurately only a little over 1,000 degrees. Rough working estimates are possible at 2,000 and 3,000 degrees. Beyond that is an almost total void. The Russians, by contrast, are regularly reporting in their scientific journals, not only measurements at 6,000 degrees but routine inspections of such things as rocket components based on those measurements; and Soviet plans for 1960 call for doubling that limit to tally the temperature of the face of the sun.

The instruments of today will be hopelessly out of date tomorrow if Bureau of Standards theories are anywhere near correct. Manmade devices will disappear—not only in the exploration of space but in the control of earthbound atom furnaces—and be supplanted by natural constants derived in one way or another from the atom. Instead of a standard meter in the shape of a metal bar, there will be a measure of length in the form of atomic radiations. Clocks powered by mechanical springs or electric current

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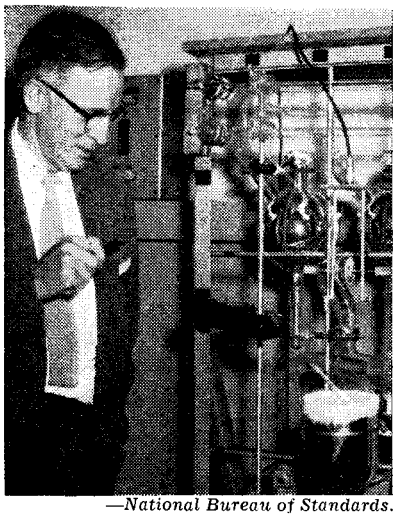

—National Bureau of Standards.

Dr. A. V. Astin

will stop measuring time because decaying atoms can cut time down into smaller segments than man now knows. The mercury columns of conventional thermometers will give way to devices that measure temperature by comparison with the spectra of atoms. And the changing characteristics of atoms under pressure will be used instead of brute force to determine the now immeasurable impact of rockets on the air they strike and vice versa.

This revolution is not a distant event. It is already on the move. On Wednesday, August 13th, Dr. Astin will help to dedicate, in Boulder, Colorado, a new national electronic calibration center—the first in the country that military and industrial scientists consider adequate to keep pace with this rocketing age.

ONE of the essential preliminaries to measuring tomorrow is measuring Dr. Astin today. By the customary standard unit of length, he reaches six feet. By the conventional standard unit of weight, he tips the scales at 185 pounds. Some people would call him tweedy. He puffs his pipe on every possible occasion with such total contentment that he often seems to be falling asleep in the midst of conversation, thus disarming all who do not appreciate the keenness of his mind and the retentiveness of his memory. His light blue eyes are filled with whimsy, which is likely to overflow almost anywhere.

A story is told about him during World War II. He was working with explosives in a foxhole on a military reservation. The Officer of the Day approached with an inquiry: What was he doing? "I am sending messages to Hitler," Dr. Astin said soberly, and was straightaway hustled off to the Commanding Officer to explain why, on such a mission, his identification card was missing.

Under pleasanter circumstances the Bureau of Standards head escorted his wife to a play one night. They had seats in the balcony. The performance was billed as a tragedy. Dr. Astin decided it was a melodrama. In the second act he hissed the villain and cheered the hero, setting off a general audience reaction that turned a destined flop into a howling hit.

The genuine informality of his nature is unconsciously testified to by the attitudes of his staff. Everyone in the offices that honeycomb the campus-like complex of red brick Bureau of Standard buildings off Connecticut Avenue (there are scores of secretaries and clerks in addition to the 3,000 scientists officially charged with developing America's physical measurement standards and determining physical constants and the properties of materials) calls him A-V-A. Without an exception, each hears a "Merry Christmas" personally from his lips a few days before Yule. And when the days turn chilly he lights his office fireplace and calls in his subordinates to talk while they watch the dancing flames.

One of Dr. Astin's most remarkable assets is his reputation for being incapable of deceiving anyone. On Capitol Hill, this has the effect of creating a welcome for an unusual kind of bureaucrat—almost a freak—who sells his Bureau as an integral part of the whole operation of government. Congressmen accept him as a quiet, thinking man rather than a salesman intent on pushing his own organization at the expense of other Federal agencies. Subordinates who approach him with ideas have learned that this attitude holds in reverse—he isn't interested in merely glorifying the Bureau of Standards for them, either. And this in turn has affected his relations with his boss, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, who once fired him in a political squabble over a scientifically questionable battery additive but later rehired him and now accords him marked respect.

There are people who say that Dr. Astin is not sufficiently a master of the dramatic to lead the Bureau of Standards to the place of eminence it rightly should occupy in American science. There are others who point out that by plugging steadily away at his objective for seven years, Dr. Astin (granted some help from the Sputniks) at last has obtained from Congress—for the first time since the end of World War II—all the money the Bureau of Standards requested.

He asked for eleven and a half million dollars for operating expenses. He got it.

He asked for a half million dollars to complete a new electronic brain of advanced design. He got it.

He asked the House Appropriations Committee for three million dollars for the design of new laboratories at Gaithersburg, Md. The committee voted it, and as these words are written the Congress is reported in a mood to approve that vote. If that comes about, Dr. Astin will be able to spread his people over 550 acres of land. This is the type of setting enjoyed by contemplative university scholars, and he believes there is a clear relationship between it and good scientific research.

A CAMPUS atmosphere is not enough in itself, he recognizes. The Bureau can thrive only if it can "attract and retain scientists . . . particularly at the highest level, for they become nuclei drawing bright young scientists to their laboratories. Our difficulty has been in not being able to pay top scientists what they are worth, I would like to be able to pay salaries up to $19,000."

Actually, the Commerce Department has received authority to pay some of Dr. Astin's scientists the sum he wants. Curiously, his own salary prevents the exercise of the authority. He is getting $17,500 and until there is a readjustment, not foreseen before next year, he can only pay some subordinates $17,000.

Even a $17,000-a-year man takes a lot of training. Dr. Astin is intensely concerned about where it is to come from. He serves as a trustee of a two-year-old organization called the Foundation for Instrumentation Education and Research, Inc., whose members pronounce its acronym (FIER) "fire." Through financial support from the Instrument Society of America it pays for grants, fellowships and studies, one of the most recent of which showed a "disappointing" emphasis on instrumentation in American college curricula.

The Bureau of Standards chief earned his own scientific reputation in three significant areas: basic research on measurement techniques related to insulation; pioneering work in the development of telemetering that is still the basis of much of our meteorological and cosmic ray studies of the upper atmosphere; and his still classified work on proximity fuzes during World War II (a Bureau project that Dr. Vannevar Bush credits as second only to the atomic bomb in deciding the outcome of the war).

The feeling of fellow scientists for Dr. Astin was perhaps best summed up in the citation accompanying the honorary degree of Doctor of Science awarded to him by George Washington University in June. It described

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him as a "persistent investigator whose philosophy does not accept the statement often made that 'the disproving of fact supporting a beautiful purported hypothesis is a tragedy!' To him it is a challenge that leads to truth."

Dr. Astin arrived at the Bureau in 1930, after having earned his doctorate in physics at New York University and having put in two years as a National Research Council Fellow at Johns Hopkins University. He has never been with another organization. From 1932 to until 1940, when he joined the proximity fuze project, Dr. Astin did research in the Bureau's Heat and Power Division. In 1948 he succeeded the late Harry Diamond as chief of the Ordnance Development Division. Two years later he was appointed senior associate director. Upon Dr. E. U. Condon's resignation as director of the Bureau of Standards, Dr. Astin became first acting director and then director.

The Utah-born scientist is a member of twenty-one committees ranging from the governing board of the American Institute of Physics to the advisory committee to Selective Service. Saturdays, one can almost always find him at his office, and sometimes on Sundays. Still, he finds time to play bridge twice monthly. There is even the story that he and some fellow scientists once wondered if bridge had ever been played in an igloo. As it happened, they were bedding down in an igloo in Fort Churchill, Canada, when the question occurred to them. So, they played bridge in an igloo at 20 degrees F. above zero. Dr. Astin is somewhat less extreme at gardening, of which he says, "I have no instrumentation technique for ridding the lawn of crab grass." His casualness comes out noticeably on vacations, which he likes to spend on a do-it-yourself footing. Two years ago, for instance, he occupied all his annual leave repapering the walls of his house in Bethesda, Md.

Mrs. (Margaret) Astin writes and directs plays for women's groups. She has persistently turned aside her husband's importunings to write for the professional stage even since son John Allen Astin's recent success as assistant director of Joyce-off-Broadway: Ulysses in Nighttown. Perhaps her reluctance will one day be explained by their second son, Alexander, who holds a Ph.D. in psychology. For that matter, young Alexander may very well have some ideas about the emotional block that prevents most of us from looking at tomorrow in anything but the most vague dimensions.

—Howard Simons.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

SCIENCE AND DISHONESTY

The Path to Scientific Discovery Is Long, Vague and Winding;

It Cannot Escape Being Marked by Human Failings

WE HAVE learned nothing of the mechanisms of . . . (scientific) . . . discovery. We lightly repeat in discussions . . . that knowledge derives from the sequence: experiment, hypothesis, deduction, test experiments, inductive generalization. But the ground that must be crossed in order to move through these stages is mountainous, misty, and unmapped. . . .

I don't understand it and I don't think anyone else does either. From what has been written, the main approach to the problem seems to have come from introspective psychology, the autobiographical accounts of great creative thinkers which try to tell how they did it. . . . Though the material is extremely interesting, it is clear beyond all doubt that no man has the capacity alone to raise to the surface all the underwater currents and rip tides of his own consciousness. In any event, all tell different stories, often in wonderfully vague phrases. . . . The only obvious common prescriptions are hard work, self-discipline, and thorough educational preparation. And all seem to agree that the moment of achievement is a moment of delight and satisfaction reminiscent of Spinoza's definition of pleasure: "the passion by which the mind passes to a higher state of perfection. . . ."

I think that the creative process is so closely tied in with the emotional structure of an individual . . . that . . . it is a poor subject for generalization. All sorts of factors are at work and no analysis can avoid oversimplification. Ideas come by day, by night, by chance, by work, and by play. They come in dreams, in hallucinations, in seminars, and saloons. Most are quite bad, and are seldom voiced, suppressed by their authors' critical faculties. Some are good; a few are brilliant. Since we seem not to know how they arise, we might reasonably inquire from whence they arise. (But) . . . who knows . . . ?

Though the logic of its method can be described with rigor, the successful *use* of the . . . creative scientific . . . method requires an act of intuition by the creative mind. Science, then, is an art. For the method of the artist is also well understood. All he does is dip his brush in paint and apply it to the canvas in the proper places. It is knowing which are the proper places, however, that distinguishes a Cezanne.

All of which brings up a matter too rarely discussed. What about the scientist as a creature of emotion and human fallibility? The temper of our times has generated widening gulfs of alienation and distrust between scientists and other people and, in the spirit of scientific inquiry, those of us who are dedicated to it begin looking at ourselves to learn what we are and if the blame is ours. . . .

At first glance, scientists may appear to be different. A well-done study of the outstanding young men of American science . . . clearly showed them to be mavericks, differing from the majority of society in endowment, desire, and belief. Among other things, most were well aware of their so-called alienation from society, were politically liberal, and, interestingly, were hardheaded hedonists who found pleasure in the thrill of discovery and generally doubted the view that scientists tended to be nervous wrecks.

But these were the *successful* men of their generation and, though many seek it, not all gain success. What of the rest of us? Here we encounter the disturbing conclusions of Lawrence Kubie, who has delved into the emotional problems connected with the scientific career. . . . Kubie tells us that the young scientist often reaches maturity after the abnormal childhood of precocity—overly bookish, unathletic, socially withdrawn, sexually immature. . . .

Each successive step in the method of science calls forth a greater emotional investment and adds to the difficulties of remaining objective. When the ego is involved, self-criticism may come hard. (Who ever heard of two scientists battling to prove the other right?) One has always a vested interest in the successful outcome and, whether we

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us
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pinge upon and
mandates of scientific
generate error, un-
ues, anxiety, and—let's
face it, s e science is done behind
closed doors—dishonesty. . . .

The idea of dishonesty in science is a hard one to swallow, for it is as difficult to understand as it is shocking. Yet the history of science is studded with tales of fraud and grand larceny, some of which have an ill-boding Old Testament flavor. For example, a recent note in *Science* recalled the case of one of biology's more notorious mountebanks, Paul Kammerer, a Viennese zoologist, who claimed in 1924 to have proved that acquired characters are inherited with experiments done in spotted salamanders. The great William Bateson challenged Kammerer, and the acrimonious debate that followed found many eminent biologists on both sides of the argument. Bateson demanded to see Kammerer's specimens but Kammerer demurred. No matter where Bateson went in pursuit, Kammerer always managed to elude him. The chase finally ended in 1926 with the examination of the specimen by G. K. Noble of the American Museum of Natural History and Hans Przibram, director of the institute where Kammerer worked. The sensational findings were promptly reported in *Nature*. The genetically transmitted salamander spots turned out to be made of India ink. A short time later, Kammerer committed suicide.

WHAT dishonesty exists among scientists is rarely on such a grand scale. It is subtle and, no doubt, frequently unconscious behavior. The experiments that "work" are reported with no mention of those that failed. The data that support the hypothesis are seized upon; the rest are explained away or forgotten. In today's hectic world of publicity and promotion, the spreading practice of granting academic advancement to those who have made "important" scientific contributions has added fuel to many a latent fire. In a highly complex field, published scientific work cannot be quickly confirmed or denied, nor do most scientists care to spend their time verifying or challenging what other scientists have claimed. . . .

Many scientists, similarly, find themselves in a breathless race for priority—for the glory of being first to make some discovery and report it. While there is nothing dishonest about that, its effect can be disturbing upon sociological conditions within the scientific community. Moreover, it breeds dishonesty, for in its wake comes the disingenuous doubletalk we normally associate with advertising and politics. . . .

The balancing factor in this situation is the honesty, wisdom, and intuitive good sense of the large majority of scientists and scientific editors. Dubious work should not be published, but dishonest work often has the appearance of solidity. And yet, when it reaches a journal, as often as not, it meets a proper skepticism—partly because the work somehow does not "sound right," and partly because every scientist knows in his heart that this sort of thing goes on in the world. . . .

Kubie gives us some haunting case histories; a scientist so anxious to bolster an already proved theory, he falsified data; a sarcastic professor perennially vituperating against his colleagues from the security of the lectern; an acclaimed scientist who finds no joy in success. The portraits are familiar and the conclusions sobering. One thinks of these things on his daily rounds, as he views the contemporary scene, as he reads statements to the effect that scientists should not enter debates upon morality, art, and politics (those areas beyond the ken of scientific inquiry)—and depending on his fiber, one may feel naked, perplexed, resentful, or gratified that these insights are at last being achieved.

The conceptions of Kubie are not an indictment of scientists: they are descriptions and attempted explanations of some of them (and, in saying this, I wish to disavow any sense of mysticism I may have invoked about the scientific mind. At the moment, it seems mysterious, but I do not doubt that it is, in principle, explainable). No more do these ideas detract from the status of science than did Darwin's dyspepsia from the greatness of his thought. Whether or not they are valid, only time will tell. But we cannot deny that we have made progress if we recognize with Kubie that "the idyllic picture of the innocent, child-like scientist who lives a life of simple, secure, peaceful, dignified contemplation has become unreal fantasy."

We see that science is not a thing apart . . . (but is endowed) . . . a little with some of those universals that are the essences of great literature and drama.

—WILLIAM S. BECK
in "Modern Science and the Nature of Life" (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75)

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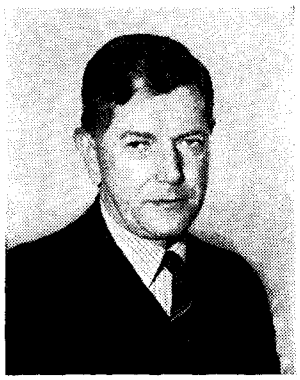

—Neil Murray.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Into new environments we do not suspect, let alone how they may in time alter or perhaps already are changing the course of evolution. Since species adapt to changes in their surroundings, atomic disintegrations, wonder drugs, and other man-made conveniences are almost certainly shaping man to survive amidst the new conditions they have been progressively substituting for the older complex of interdependent organisms inhabiting the Earth. In the process of selection of the prototypes of the future, a certain number of present-day men and their immediate offspring will naturally be eliminated. Living humans have some choice in the matter if they realize the situation and act intelligently to influence it.*

That is the burden of a message from Sir Macfarlane Burnet, director of the

By SIR MACFARLANE BURNET

(Royal Melbourne Hospital, Australia)

IN ALL countries the recorded deaths from leukemia at all ages are rising in approximately logarithmic fashion, the incidence doubling in fifteen to twenty-five years, or rising at a rate of 4% or 5% per annum. To a slight extent this may be due to improved diagnosis and reporting of cases but the increase has been steady and is just as active now as thirty years ago. Some of it is undoubtedly due to the fact that the proportion of older people has been steadily increasing but when this is allowed for the increase is still striking at all ages. The absolute incidence is highest in countries with the highest standards of living; within a country it is greater in the more privileged than in the less privileged classes, and in urban as against rural populations.

The findings in childhood are of particular interest. In the United States, the United Kingdom, and Australia, the incidence curve has developed a peak in the 3-4 year age bracket. This peak is a modern development and it seems highly significant that in the United States it is not seen in the colored population. No other disease shows this type of age incidence of death. If we are to find the etiology (cause) of leukemia, it seems to me that here is the best place to look for a clue.

Amongst the amenities of civilization the only one which has so far been incriminated as responsible for *any* cases of leukemia is ionizing radiation provided by the medical uses of X-rays. The evidence that ionizing radiation can produce leukemia in man is now accepted universally. And there is a reasonable basis for accepting the view that there is a linear relationship between cumulative dose of radiation and the leukemia effect.

I have, I think, very valid reasons for believing that only a small proportion, perhaps 5-10%, of cases of leukemia are caused by ionizing radiation. I believe we should not be wrong in ascribing half of this to inescapable background and the other half to man-made radiation, almost all in the form of medical X-rays. Nevertheless, it is very evident that the use of X-rays and many other sources of ionizing radiation is going to increase steadily as long as civilization lasts. Just as nuclear military devices are now the most important aspects of the world's structure of political power, so nuclear power will be the key to the world's economic structure in the near future. Protection of human beings from the somatic (immediate physical) and genetic (hereditary) effects of ionizing radiation may well become the most important of all the problems of preventive medicine. Leukemia is likely to be the most clearly visible effect of an increasing population exposure to radiation. Therefore it seems of special importance that we should discover as soon as possible what has been responsible for the increase between 1920 and 1955. In ten years' time the increasing general exposure to ionizing radiation may make it virtually impossible ever to sort out the other causes of leukemia.

I have no solution of the problem I have raised. All I can attempt is to look at its nature from the epidemiological angle and then consider some possible hints from laboratory work on leukemia. To me the most hopeful starting point is in regard to leukemia of children. I find the changing age incidence for England, Australia, and the United States impressive evidence that a rather specific agent has begun to act with increasing intensity either during pregnancy or in the immediate neonatal period. The peak between three and four years of age can hardly have any other interpretation than exposure of the young organism to a mutagenic stimulus around the time of birth. We could probably say with certainty that the stimulus must be applied subsequent to the differentiation of the blood-forming system (in the developing foetus) and before the end of the first year of postnatal life.

In a detailed analysis of the available American figures, it appears that the first evidence of a peak among three-year-olds was in the infants born in 1943-4. There is even an interesting suggestion that whereas the 1944 cohort (of babies) showed the full effect of the change, whatever it was, infants born in 1943 also experienced some of the effects a year later. Is this a hint that the new influence was a postnatal one with an influence steadily decreasing as the infant approached his first birthday?

SINCE the peak is not seen in colored persons in the United States, we can eliminate some all pervading elements associated with advancing civilization such as traces of carcinogens in the air from combustion processes of various types. What we are in search of is something associated with pregnancy or neonatal care which has become progressively more available in the United States, Australia, and England since 1942, to the upper social classes before the lower, and which seems to be rather conspicuously absent in the American negro's way of life.

It must be left for enquiry amongst obstetricians and pediatrists to pinpoint the influence involved. It may turn out to be an extremely difficult task—particularly because we are concerned with what is an extremely small number of cases of leukemia compared with the populations of babies concerned.

It may be of interest, though perhaps not very profitable, to run through some of the sort of influence that might be involved. For a time I felt almost convinced that pelvic X-rays in pregnancy was the factor. It seems to fit all the requirements except the completely decisive

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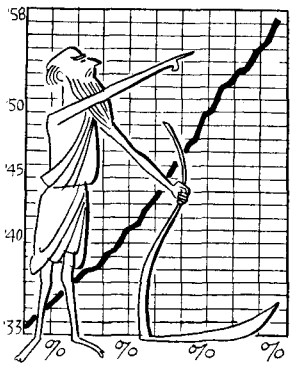
. . . a mystery horizon, seen but unexplored

Walter and Eliza Hall Institute at the Royal Melbourne Hospital in Australia. Sir Macfarlane focuses his attention on the increasing appearance of leukemia. Leukemia is a usually fatal blood disease characterized by over-production of infection-fighting white cells. It is relatively rare, ranking seventy-second in the order of human afflictions. But Sir Macfarlane points out that its incidence has doubled in the last thirty years. He first discovered this phenomenon in his work as Chairman of Australia's National Radiation Advisory Committee, and at first he was prepared to attribute it to atomic effects. Radiation research has changed his mind about that, however; he confesses himself mystified in the following excerpt from his 1958 Cutter Lecture on Preventive Medicine at Harvard University last May. Sir Macfarlane's speculations are laid out here as a rudimentary map of a new frontier for the man of tomorrow.



The leukemia epidemic as revealed by a graph

finding that at least 85% of cases of leukemia in childhood were from pregnancies *not* exposed to X-rays.

THE alternative to radiation is a chemical agent which could conceivably act as a mutagen, as a modifier of hormonal control, or an infective agent.

It is well known that chickens are subject to leukemic conditions which are transmissible experimentally and which appear to represent variants of a very common disease of fowls. Again leukemia is common in some inbred strains of mice and its incidence can be greatly increased by certain experimental manipulations. At the present time all this work has more the flavor of a laboratory curiosity than of a realistic approach to the human problem. The experimental results can do no more than make it legitimate to discuss the possible interpretation of increasing leukemia in children from the virological angle.

There seem to be two main possibilities. The first is a "vertical" transmission of a virus *in utero* from a carrier mother showing no symptoms. The second possibility is that a proportion of children are infected very soon after birth with a virus which, when it affects very young children without maternal antibody, may provoke a significant proportion of leukemias. The capacity to initiate this change disappears if infection occurs after the first year of life.

In many ways adenoviruses 1 and 2 might fill the bill for this second role. They seem to provoke normally local proliferative changes in lymphoid tissue and, if a competent investigator reported that in a proportion of very young children they could initiate lymphoblastic (cancerous) changes, I should take the report very seriously. There is, however, no shred of evidence in this direction and I can see no reasonable possibility that a virtual pandemic of a new type of virus with these qualities swept around the world in 1942-43 and has remained prevalent since. The virus hypothesis in this form cannot be summarily discarded but it can have no validity until some directly relevant laboratory evidence is obtained.

Holding still to the specific problem of the change in leukemic incidence in children born since 1943, we may consider very briefly some of the chemical possibilities. Cigarette smoking by women increased rapidly during the war but the possibility of carcinogens from this source reaching the foetus seems highly unlikely. A sudden increase in coffee and tea drinking during pregnancy seems utterly unlikely. Drugs commonly given during pregnancy might be responsible and it would be advisable to look carefully at any widespread change in pharmaceutical practice during the 1940's that might be relevant. The trend of fashion in remedies for morning sickness (or hyperemesis) might be worth studying—so also the type of anaesthetic most commonly used at delivery.

As regards neonatal possibilities, the obvious ones are almost all in the realm of artificial feeding. None of them, however, seem *a priori* particularly promising. Fantastic things, however, sometimes happen. A minor technical change in the process of drying milk for infant feeding mixtures might be so advantageous from the manufacturers' point of view as to be adopted universally within a year of its introduction. If, as a result, a "leukemogen" of low activity was produced, we might have an explanation of the facts. There is not the slightest basis for believing in such a story—it is mentioned merely to indicate the special qualities required of a working hypothesis.

I have concentrated on the changes taking place in regard to leukemia in early childhood only because this seems to offer the best potentiality for an effective etiological study. Adult leukemia is, however, also increasing along a logarithmic course and the cause of this is still to be sought. It may or may not be due to the same factors as are concerned with the childhood disease.

I should not like to end this lecture without trying to look at the broad problem of the prevention of neoplastic disease (cancer). I believe that we probably know almost as much now as we shall ever know about those aspects of neoplastic disease which are relevant to its prevention. The central role of somatic mutation, with selective survival and proliferation of mutant clones is to me axiomatic.

Leukemia seems to be the commonest neoplastic disease of any cell population not directly exposed to the environment and is the only one which is showing a clear increase in the modern period. Perhaps it will eventually be recognized as one of the most significant medical features of the early 20th century that, as a by-product of more and more powerful therapeutic procedures and the production of chemical substances outside of biological experiences, the normal protective barriers that kept mutagenic agents from the internal organs have been more and more frequently penetrated.

IT MAY be only a tiny price we have to pay for the advantages of a scientific civilization but it is disquieting. And it raises the lurking fear that anything which is increasing the incidence of leukemia may also be breaking through those other barriers which in the past have protected the germ cells from mutagens. I think we would be wise to pay more attention to leukemia even than its intrinsic interest and lethality demand, just because of the possibility that it is the best indicator we can have of the last and greatest danger to our civilization, active and avoidable genetic deterioration.

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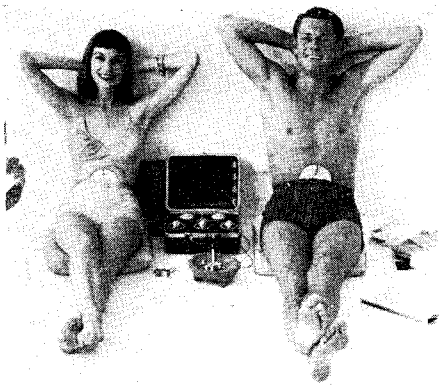

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Parnassus, USA

Continued from page 9

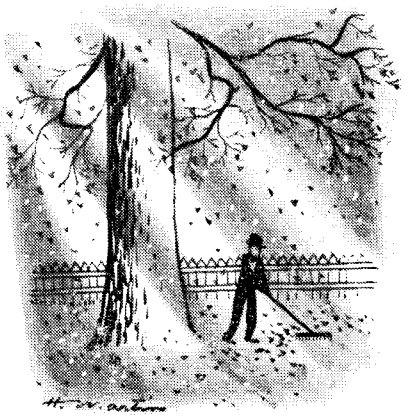
famous trout suppers, and when according to legend Edgar Allan Poe worked at "The Raven" on the bank of one of its ponds.

In 1881 Spencer Trask, a banker, bought the property and built a large house. When it burned, he built in 1893 the great Victorian stone mansion which now receives artists and writers. Always hospitable to artistic people, Trask ran a grand establishment for many years, sometimes keeping a working crew which with their families added up to two hundred and fifty. The house, with its huge public rooms, ornately carved furniture and many valuable objects of art, still preserves the spirit and the decor of those expansive days.

The Trasks' four children died in their youth, and Trask was killed in a train wreck. But his wife continued to hold to the idea they had developed together, of turning their home over to the use of creative people. The plan became a reality four years after her death.

The main season at Yaddo is from May to October, when nearly thirty guests are accommodated. Invitations are customarily for about two months but are sometimes extended into the winter, when a small group stays in two smaller homes after the mansion is closed. Mrs. Elizabeth Ames has been the director and guiding hand from the beginning. The many well-known guests include Katherine Anne Porter, Carson McCullers, Saul Bellow, William Carlos Williams, Leonard Bernstein, Paul Creston, and Milton Avery.

Miles of roads wind through pine and oak groves and past ponds that offer good bass fishing. There is a famous rose garden. Tennis court and croquet lawn are available. The same



informality and freedom from interruption prevail at Yaddo as at the other centers. Guests live and work in spacious rooms, some of which look out across the trees to the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Though alike in purpose, each of the foundations has its own atmosphere and tradition—Yaddo with its almost baronial grandeur and its aura of the past, MacDowell with its rural New England setting of field and forest, Hartford with its ranch-like informality coupled with modern style and comfort, and its unique seclusion on the edge of a great city. All take their character very largely from the fine people who direct them with unobtrusive skill.

Operating at full capacity, these three havens for the creative mind can hardly accommodate seventy people at one time—not a very large number for a nation the size of the United States. Yet they are the only organizations of their kind. This small capacity perhaps accounts for the limited length of the grants, and also for the provision that workers should come at a time when they are ready to go into production, rather than when they are in the planning or research stage.

Are such retreats successful? Do they pamper the worker too much? Do they lead him to waste time rather than to use it?

One proof of success is that workers keep reapplying and continue to be welcomed. This suggests that the experience is satisfactory both to them and to the foundations. A few have worked in all three places, returning repeatedly. This leads one to wonder whether the institutions prefer to deal with people they already know, and who have proven themselves both good workers and good citizens. For prestige, the foundation is, of course, interested in getting people who produce. This may account in part for the repeaters. But is enough being done for the young worker who has promise but has not yet arrived?

The foundations say they are trying.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. We have seen better days ("As You Like It" Act II, Scene 7). 2. To kill a wife with kindness ("The Taming of the Shrew" Act IV, Scene 1). 3. In such a pickle ("The Tempest" Act V, Scene 1). 4. Make a virtue of necessity ("Two Gentlemen of Verona" Act IV, Scene 1). 5. Care killed a cat ("Much Ado About Nothing" Act V, Scene 1). 6. The man i' the moon ("A Midsummer Night's Dream" Act V, Scene 1). 7. A fool's paradise ("Romeo and Juliet" Act II, Scene 4). 8. The milk of human kindness ("Macbeth" Act I, Scene 5). 9. Love is blind ("The Merchant of Venice" Act II, Scene 6). 10. Fear the worst ("Troilus and Cressida" Act III, Scene 2).

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But it is far more difficult to separate the sheep from the goats among beginners Professionals, moreover, have learned how to work, how to make the most of their time. Despite the popular myth of the artist's easy life, those who come to the foundations work hard and long.

Another difficulty is the rule against families. For practical reasons it has to exist, yet it limits guests to those who are single, or to those whose spouses can also qualify and whose children have grown up, or to those willing and able to abandon the family temporarily.

But the limitations really only serve to emphasize the virtues. In a world full of ringing telephones, committee meetings, social gatherings and demands for personal appearances, the opportunity to retire with a fully formed plan for a piece of creative work into an environment designed to nurture it is a unique and refreshing experience. It is especially valuable in a society which pays well for commercialized forms of art, but little or nothing for work of high quality which commands only small audiences today even though it may provide the guide lines for tomorrow.

Not every product of such a period of withdrawal will be a work of genius, for such works are rare. Yet even if the output of all three havens consisted of nothing more than the poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson and the prose of Thornton Wilder produced at the MacDowell Colony, the stories of Katherine Anne Porter at Yaddo, and a painting of Edward Hopper at Huntington Hartford Foundation, who would say that the expenditure was not worth while?

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 787

It is not necessary for a writer to be crazy, but it is useful.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1271

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

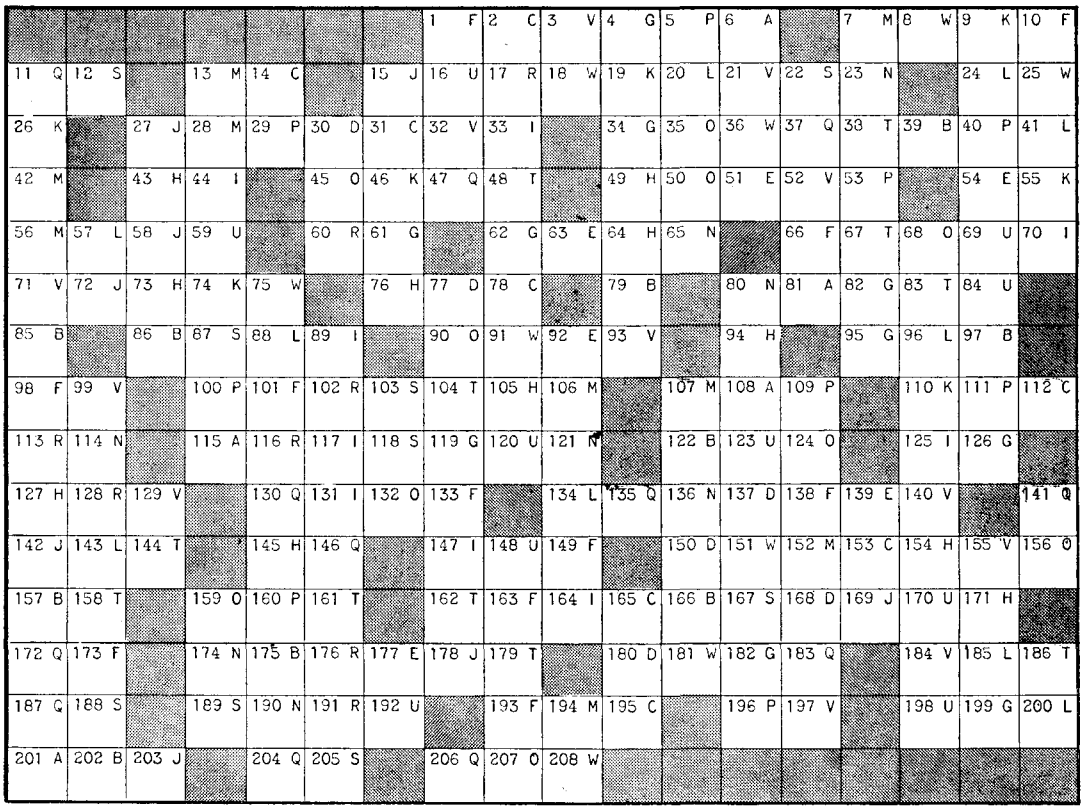
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any of numerous large marine snails.	115 108 81 6 201
B. Without concealment or deception.	122 85 39 166 202 86 175 79 157 97
C. Enclosed at the top (2 words.).	31 2 112 14 153 195 165 78
D. See Word J.	168 180 30 137 77 150
E. Write across the front of a draft, bill, etc.	63 139 54 51 92 177
F. Cheap vulgarity.	149 193 173 66 138 133 101 163 10 1 98
G. Shredded or finely cut vegetables for soup or salad.	82 62 4 126 61 119 182 95 34 199
H. Something which must be out to be inviting (longest word in English which has only two vowels).	171 145 127 94 76 49 73 154 43 64 105
I. In English folklore, transmigrated soul of an unbaptized child.	33 131 117 147 89 125 70 44 164
J. Followed by Word D, the sport of throwing flat stones so that they skip along the top of the water (2 wds.).	15 169 27 58 178 142 72 203
K. Where the fairies live.	26 55 110 74 46 19 9
L. Act of receiving with consent.	20 57 200 185 134 88 24 96 143 41

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. An animal with molar teeth like those of most ungulates and rodents.	28 7 152 106 13 42 56 194 107
N. Mode of marching as close together as possible (2 wds.).	174 190 136 114 65 121 23 80
O. Vocation, trade, or profession.	68 45 90 207 156 124 50 35 132 159
P. Masculine proper name meaning God is deliverance.	29 53 196 40 160 5 111 109 100
Q. Feat of a man popularized in song "at Monte Carlo": He won all the money from the gambling casino (3 wds.).	204 11 172 183 37 146 130 135 141 206 47 187
R. The geometer.	116 191 113 128 176 60 102 17
S. Disease of a fingernail or toenail.	87 189 205 22 118 103 188 167 12
T. Unexpectedly favorable turn of fortune (2 wds.).	38 104 186 83 48 158 179 67 162 144 161
U. Lack of transparency; imperviousness to ideas.	16 198 170 69 120 192 123 148 59 84
V. Percussion instrument featuring metal bars arranged in a scale.	140 32 99 3 93 129 21 197 184 155 71 52
W. Navigable water bet. SE Manchuria and Korea (2 wds.).	75 181 208 151 8 18 36 91 25

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic nature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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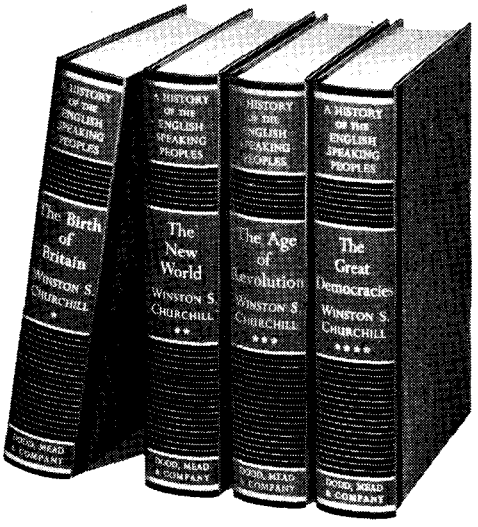

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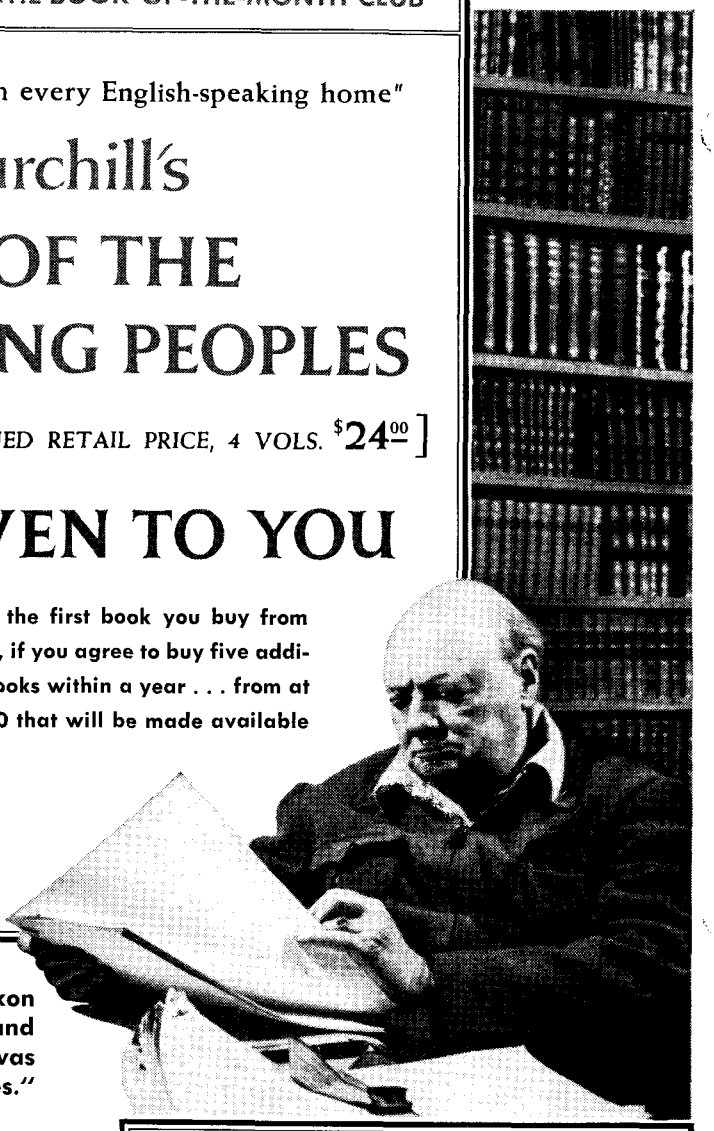

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